LBJ's Campaign Machine *Milton Viorst*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

September 5, 1964, 35 cents

The Democrats

Murray Kempton and TRB

Anatomy of Quackery — *Gerald W. Johnson*

Our Streets of Violence — *Robert Coles*

The New Isherwood — *Stanley Kauffmann*

Great Jobs Fallacy — *Edwin L. Dale Jr.*

"Alianza, R.I.P." — *Victor Alba*

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T.R.B. *from Atlantic City*

The Big Question

★ The two conventions are over now. We wrote this after midnight in the frantic, jam-packed press room after the nomination by acclamation of Johnson and Humphrey. And what did we think about? One thing: Are there enough zealots and bigots in America to elect a team like Goldwater and Miller? We hope not, we think not and the polls say not, but just to have the possibility arise scares us. Who says Barry can't get elected? The very people who said he couldn't get nominated.

In daylight hours we aren't frightened. Barry seems to be floundering. His writings show him just next thing to a crackpot. Really, how can you take seriously a man who opposes the graduated income tax? Or one who would delegate the incinerating nuclear weapon to bomb-rattling generals? In wonder we ask about his trick of waggling his fingers through lens-less glasses to a crowd; is there something symbolic here?

And his running-mate. It's in dreams that we see Representative William Miller as Vice President. Goldwater picked him, this hack politician and graduate of the House Un-American Activities Committee, so near defeat in 1962 that he announced he would not seek re-election. In 14 years, Mr. Miller never got a major bill named for him; he introduced the Eisenhower civil rights bill in 1956, and then changed positions and attacked it when it reached the floor. His bill for 1955 was to incorporate the "Moms of America"; in 1963 to repeal the prayer decision. Why was he chosen? Mr. Goldwater's explanation seems to fit the wildly improbable selection as well as anything; at San Francisco he told the GOP state chairmen, "one of the reasons I chose Miller is that he drives Johnson nuts."

That was San Francisco. The thing we remember best there was the convention crowd jeering Governor Rockefeller, and later on the stunned surprise of fellow newsmen at seeing the triumphant nominee rubbing the noses of Republican "moderates" in the mud even after he had beaten them. This broke all the rules of his own self-interest. Goldwater has thought better of it since; but his speech at Hershey wasn't the one he gave for his acceptance.

The Stuffed Club

★ And now we have the sequel, the Atlantic City show. It would be nice to paint it heroically. We can't. Mostly it was a dreary wasteland of Lyndon-knows-best. Convention speakers like John McCormack kept saying unctuously that Providence guided JFK to pick LBJ in 1960. There was also a speech in favor of women. Yes, honest, just in favor of women. A woman made it, and said how important women are, particularly, we guess, Democratic women.

How does a reasonably modern political party react to a shuddering explosion of primitivism? The first discovery we made was that the anachronistic US convention system is so cumbersome that its passion drains out in clichés. It was like trying to slay a dragon with a stuffed club. Then the Mississippi Freedom Democrats arrived, and at first it seemed that this mostly Negro band of tattered heroes would be mangled in the convention system, too.

Just when we had given up in despair and decided that democracy couldn't be saved, if worth saving, we saw, with a kind of awed tingle, democracy climbing out of the pit. Yes, painfully, laboriously, ridiculously. The creaky convention system was actually functioning; in an organization as loose as a folk-moot, a consensus was forming; simple decency was defeating expediency.

If Alabama's Democratic committeeman, "Bull" Connor, who started it all with his whips and police dogs, didn't like it, he could climb back into "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but the convention was going to, and did, seat a couple of these Freedom Democrats, with no discernible legal right at all, as delegates-at-large; and thank God for it. The astonishing precedent was set: the stuffed club had a flatiron in it.

Then there was the scene from which we came just before writing this, the anointment of Hubert Humphrey. Corny it was, to be sure, but for a couple of minutes it was good theater.

The President has been trying to milk suspense out of his Vice Presidential selection for weeks, and it reached the stage where it was just turning sour. If he hadn't named Hubert he would have disgusted the party. Well, he did it finally, we must say, in the grand manner. In his sudden appearance at Convention Hall he paused, waited, and then fairly yelled the name, "Senator Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota."

Lapping Up Humphrey

★ We lapped it up and so did the crowd. The White House these days is not a very emotion-stirring place, nor is it blessed with much humor. Hubert Humphrey can help in both respects. Again, Senator Humphrey's liberal record points the direction in which we hope the Johnson Administration will go. Even more than the Democratic platform, Humphrey's mere selection underlines the contrast with the Goldwater party. Compare Miller's ex-membership in the HUAC with Humphrey's past and present membership in Americans for Democratic Action, of which he is a national vice chairman.

And finally Mr. Humphrey is about our favorite man in Washington. Amidst all the recent millionaires like Rocky, FDR, JFK, Barry and Lyndon, it is nice to run into an old-fashioned, modest-income type once in a while. Humphrey still says he married his wife, Muriel, "for her money"; she had $600 and he was so broke he had left college to run the family drugstore at Huron, S.D.

Working heroically by his side, she helped him get back to college, and with shining eyes he ultimately paid her back with a degree *magna cum laude*.

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Johnson *vs* Goldwater

The Democratic Party's 1964 platform got a poor press. It was accused of being waterlogged with words. The critics complained that vast growths of verbiage smothered almost every plank and that all they could hear was the too-soft murmuring of innumerable platitudes in unmemorable clichés. Still, the platform achieved what it set out to do, which was to din into the minds of the electorate that Goldwater is too big a risk to take in November and that Johnson by contrast is comfortably safe. In this task, the Democrats received the usual substantial help from Senator Goldwater himself. Mr. Johnson may have been so determined to present himself as courageous but cautious, progressive but prudent, that the Democratic 1964 platform in parts bears an eerie resemblance to the Republican 1960 platform. But the Republicans under Goldwater's hypnotic inspiration are going the other way: their 1964 platform appeared in parts to be an ugly foretaste of the Orwellian nightmare world of *1984* and they seem determined to keep this up.

Grimace or guffaw as one may over some of the more luxuriantly corny portions of the Democratic platform, the fact still remains that it proposes that America should continue to live in the 20th Century at home, and should pursue peace rather than "victory" abroad. The Goldwater Republicans will not need to be told to call the latter "appeasement," and to make the most of it. They'll try. But the chances seem good that a safe majority of Americans will endorse the Democrats' belief that nuclear victories are the kind that nobody in his senses wants. Quite probably, a majority of Republicans share this belief when not under Mr. Goldwater's Svengali spell. Both parties want to get rid of the draft – which from a future historian's viewpoint may turn out to have been the most significant aspect of the 1964 campaign – and it is doubtful, despite Senator Goldwater, that most Republicans want to end the draft because they think the time has come when firing intercontinental missiles ought to take the place of having armies.

A majority of Americans, if not a majority of Republicans, are also likely in November to vote in favor of the federal government being big enough to help to educate people, to protect them from being exploited as consumers, to assist them to pay for their health care when they are elderly, and to fight against poverty and for improved living standards by such means as housing and minimum wages. All this the Democratic platform proposes, perhaps not in very poetic lan-

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guage, but at least so that everybody can understand. As far as the race issue is concerned, the Democrats hope to get at the causes, social and economic and political, of the riots and demonstrations that have the nation worried. Mr. Goldwater has so far betrayed no more inkling of the importance of getting at such roots, as distinct from simply clearing the streets by a whiff of tear-gas, than the Duke of Wellington did about the causes of Peterloo.

That melancholy public disturbance in Manchester in the England of 1819 arose from a demand for the reform of Parliament. The 1964 Democratic platform could have been a little less coy about the reforms of state legislatures that the Supreme Court has ordered and that the Republicans are pledged to try to prevent. The Democrats missed a chance to compel Senator Goldwater to explain why, if he is so insistent on the states doing more for the people who live in them without the federal government helping out, he is opposed to greater popular representation in the state legislatures. The platform could also have been less bland about continued high unemployment amid unprecedented prosperity: the chief defect of the otherwise persuasive economic argument that is set forth by Mr. Edwin Dale on page 10 of this issue is that such doctrine is apt to lull politicians who should rather be up and doing.

In foreign policy, the Democrats' self-congratulations about Southeast Asia do not fit in well with the harsh realities that were rapidly revealing themselves in the very hour that the foreign policy planks were put together. Much the same applies to US relations with Latin America: shifting compromises, and crude pressures such as were applied to the unwilling Bolivian government to compel it to condemn Castro or forfeit American aid, have simply hastened a serious deterioration which a Latin American correspondent sums up starkly, on page 17, by asserting that the Alliance for Progress is now dead. Manifestly, as soon as the November elections are won, the Democrats will have to face up more boldly to a good many problems that the platform passes over too lightly. For instance, a *detente* with Russia ought to be earnestly sought, and President Johnson probably hopes to obtain it, but it may not turn out all that wonderful unless the US can also find a way of living with China. Five other articles to be found in this issue are instructive as to how some other countries are learning to do so. China is the most populous country on earth and its relations with the rest of the world are growing apace, yet the United States has almost no real contacts with it.

That the Democratic platform did not go into such matters is not a condemnation. It would deserve such censure only if it failed to appeal to the voters or did so on the wrong grounds, and it does not. But it is after November that the real tasks will begin.

The Real Test of Hubert Humphrey

President Johnson's teasing of Vice Presidential aspirants ended the only way it could. Senator Hubert Humphrey was the choice of most Democrats (and of *The New Republic*) long before Mr. Johnson and the Democratic national convention put their formal seal on him. Mr. Johnson will have at his right hand a man who, as he said, would be the best-equipped man in the nation to be President if anything happened. However, short of such a calamity, Senator Humphrey is also the best man to fill an office which Mr. Johnson rightly intends (after his own somewhat rueful experience in it) to enlarge and enhance.

If Lyndon Johnson has a fault – which some jesters say he would be the last to admit – it is a tendency to listen with only simulated patience to those whose opinions do not march precisely with his own. And Mr. Johnson is such a masterful man that those who do have differing opinions require an extra degree of courage to voice them. The real test of Hubert Humphrey will be his willingness to place before the President his frank appraisals of men and events both at home and abroad. These will always be well worth Mr. Johnson's attention, for the mind of Senator Humphrey is broad and deep as well as liberal. The wisest of Presidents can never have too much good advice. Vice President Humphrey's job will be to advise the President, not to flatter him.

Mississippi Democrats

True American revolutionaries, the Mississippi Freedom Democrats register voters, and seek the ballot box not the barricades. They are teaching Mississippi Negroes that they have a rightful place in society. This fall, the Supreme Court will hear an omnibus suit to strike down discriminatory registering requirements in Mississippi. This could lead to a vast increase in the registration of Negroes in the state (one county increased its registration of Negroes from two to 400 after a circuit court judge upset "traditional" voting tests). Should it become possible for them to do so, the Freedom Democrats' most promising course probably will be to operate within the "regular" Democratic Party, almost in the way that the New York Reform Democrats do. It is by no means clear that it *will* be possible for them to do this. But the national convention did to its great credit try to clear the way. If necessary, the party's new anti-discrimination clause should be enforced by threat of withdrawal of patronage and seniority rights.

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Conscience of a Convention

by Murray Kempton

Atlantic City

What readings are possible on a body under sedation suggested that most Democrats came here wanting Hubert Humphrey to be their Vice Presidential candidate. Normally this choice would have been the expected response to their inner voices; no one in the party commands so much reverence. But this was not an occasion for inner voices. The operative reason the delegates wanted Humphrey was that Lyndon Johnson had hinted so long that *he* wanted him. Their highest aspiration was not to be able to say they had chosen but to feel that they had anticipated a decree.

The Senator's friends in Minnesota had ventured to order a carload of buttons stamped with his image. They remained in their crates; the thought had come down from the holy office that any such display would be indecorous and perhaps heretical. If Senator Humphrey was to be a Vice President, he was still a Vice President *in petto*. On Friday, Mr. Johnson let it be thought that he would designate his running mate only after he himself had been nominated and then in a bare three minutes' manifestation on closed circuit television from the White House. The President had every reason for confidence that these delegates would require no subtler and no larger infusion of the holy spirit.

Mr. Roosevelt, President Johnson's basic model, brought forth Henry Wallace as his Vice President with such scant preparation and ceremony in 1940 as to provide the delegates with an outlet for that spleen which ordinarily suffuses every Democratic convention by its third day. In 1944, while professing the utmost admiration for the unfortunate Mr. Wallace, Mr. Roosevelt dropped him and substituted Senator Truman, all the while acting like a President bowing to irresistible pressures from the party professionals. Both these scenes were *gaucheries* so unlikely in Mr. Roosevelt as to feed the suspicion that they were deliberate and served his distaste for boredom and his enjoyment of disorder.

Mr. Johnson does not enjoy disorder; on the contrary the occasions which please him best are those which display the conditions of order and himself as its instrument. In the theater of Lyndon Johnson, the curtain always goes up with the god getting into the machine. And so, where Mr. Roosevelt managed conventions by pretending that they were unmanageable, President Johnson manages them by reminding all present that he is their manager. No partisan can wear a Vice Presidential candidate's button because it would destroy the balance of the *decor*. One sits here looking down on the pastels of the convention floor – soft colors and a hard domestic tyranny everywhere – and the convention hall seems a huge crystal ash tray for which there could be no worse profanation than the intrusion of a single ash.

Former Senator William Benton was detected Saturday morning waiting for a cab to carry him to the agonized cogitations of the Executive Committee of the Platform Committee. He hoped, he said, that the Platform Committee would know the platform by Sunday, "if the White House gets it to us by then." Senator Benton is a Democrat habitually untethered and a philosopher tirelessly articulate; it was plain that Mr. Johnson was slow to trust these independent spirits with the custody of a single comma.

But Mr. Johnson has a deep respect for private property. The rights which belong to any state delegation to a Democratic convention *are* property rights; they include a monopoly on the party name, and the command of its patronage. Mr. Johnson is anxious to discipline, but he is loathe to expropriate.

The only claim he really cared to exercise on the Southern delegations was his own, as a property holder. As the party's national candidate, he can at least assert his right to have his name on the ballot as the Democratic candidate and to be assured of a campaign organization free of open sabotage by any state's Democratic Party. It is a title claim which needs only be enforced in the cases of Mississippi and Alabama; the other Southern delegations respect not just Mr. Johnson's property right but his person. Louisiana, the only exception, has a governor who at least respects Mr. Johnson as an historical force inevitable next November and thus is sullen but tractable.

But Alabama is in open default of its mortgage; the Presidential electors designated by its state convention are sworn to vote for anyone George Wallace instructs them to. Wallace has all but declared for Goldwater; he absented himself from his own delegation and sent instead his attorney general, Richmond Flowers, who explained that he personally was a Johnsonian and would hope that his clients, with time, might be persuaded to vote their electors for the national ticket. Alabama then was a simple case in civil law, offering no more than

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the usual mendacities of counsel for defaulting and self-absented debtors, and it could be decided simply according to the laws of property. Any Alabama delegate who would pledge his loyalty to Lyndon Johnson could be seated by the convention, and might even hope, with time, to acquire the national party's franchise for Alabama, where sales are poor but where subsidies from the home office are worth having.

Propertyless Strangers

But then came the case of Mississippi and the claim of propertyless strangers. Mississippi was not quite in default; unlike Alabama, it had almost promised to grant President Johnson a place on the ballot in November, and its state organization had sent up here as protective coloration as many delegates as could be found brave enough to identify themselves as Johnsonians in public.

State Senator E. K. Collins, their new national committeeman, could swear that he had fought through Mississippi for Lyndon Johnson and John F. Kennedy in 1960 and that a great number of his fellow-delegates were similarly inclined if not so brash. The official Democratic Presidential electors nominated by the Mississippi state convention were, of course, uniformly for Wallace first and Goldwater next; but, as Senator Collins said, that was the electors; he could only speak for the delegates.

It was precisely for such delicate distinctions that Mr. Johnson had appointed former Governor David Lawrence of Pennsylvania to manage his Credentials Committee. Technically Mississippi had achieved the proper balance between its property rights and Mr. Johnson's; the rule in equity indicated that the official Mississippi delegation could sit.

David Lawrence had only to dispose of the rival claims of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, which in property terms were a nullity. The Mississippi Freedom Party had been formed by Negroes, many of whom are not even voters. Their case had every possible technical defect; they had, at a minimum, failed to hold preliminary conventions in each Mississippi county to elect delegates to the state convention which sent their "delegation" here.

They had the sympathy, deep in one case, formal in the other, of the New York and California delegations; and they had as their counsel Joseph P. Rauh, a member of the National Committee from the District of Columbia, who was last heard in 1960 crying out over television for John F. Kennedy to change his mind and not offer Lyndon Johnson as Vice President. They had an advocate who, for all his great skills, was a banner of disunity; and they had nothing else but their wounds and their faces.

"I have only an hour," Joseph Rauh said to Mr. Lawrence, "to tell you a story of moral agony that could take years." He used that hour with superb economy. He put on Edward King, a white minister, with scars all over his neck and chin. Edward King said very quietly that he conceded that the Freedom Party had not been able to meet all the technical demands. "We do not apologize," he said, "for not being able to hold conventions in Neshoba County." Rauh put on Fanny Lee Hamer, a sharecropper chased from her cabin for having tried to register, and she began talking about what it was like to be a civil rights itinerant and of the stops in prison and how the highway patrolman had set two Negro prisoners to beating her. "And, when I began to cry, the highway man came over and began hitting me in the head and told me to hush up."

At Governor Lawrence's head table, the managers of the Credentials Committee were passing notes and considering formulae. But at the committee tables every head seemed to lean forward, every mouth to open. In that moment, the meeting turned; Mr. Johnson's tamed domesticated family pet had begun to stir and assert itself. Suddenly Democratic delegates were feeling themselves as the only law and feeling a moral obligation to persons with the feeblest claim in all the common law of American political conventions.

Rauh introduced Mrs. Rita Schwerner, widow of Michael Schwerner, who was murdered in Philadelphia, Miss. State Senator Collins, on behalf of the property-holders, jumped to protest that this witness was not even a resident of Mississippi and had only been "put on for passion and prejudice." Mrs. Schwerner told how she had gone to see Governor Johnson when her husband was still only missing and how the Governor had slammed the door in her face and she finished with the quiet sentence that "the county has not yet sent me a death certificate." It is, of course, entirely irrelevant in any consideration of the right of the Mississippi Democratic Party to sit in a national convention whether or not its jailers beat prisoners or whether or not its Governor insults widows.

E. K. Collins was there to read the law which was on his side, and to say that Edward King with his torn face, and Fanny Lee Hamer were "power-hungry soreheads," and thus define his side.

When Joseph Rauh finished his rebuttal, even the reporters rose and applauded. For just that moment the moral claim rose supreme; as the week went on, it sank closer to its proper place without ever quite being restored there. The committee could not be managed; the convention agenda was altered to give the managers time. The state chairman tried to enforce their property sense; any peasant revolt is a concern to landholders anywhere; no party manager can accept the notion that any stranger can come to a national convention and claim his right to sit and vote on no higher credentials than his courage and his suffering.

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But the committee held; the Freedom Party had won a cadre large enough and determined enough to make impossible any unanimous report to seat the legal Mississippi delegation. "What do you do," said one staff member, "with 53 women on a committee"?

Congresswoman Edith Green offered the only compromise acceptable to the moral Mississippi "delegation": let all the state's official Democratic delegates be offered a loyalty oath; any one of them who would take it could sit; and the seats of those who refused would be taken by the Mississippi Freedom delegates. It was the final intrusion of morality into the sphere of property: Mrs. Green was suggesting that Mr. Johnson not merely require a white Mississippi politician to swear the President recognition as master of the estate, but thereafter prove himself not merely dutiful but enlightened by sitting beside Negroes.

Who but Democrats would gag at something so small in their real affairs as a delegation from Mississippi? All of us heard the poor Negro who had been tossed off the Kentucky delegation to the Republican national convention by untrusting Goldwaterites. He had a case in convention law infinitely better than the Freedom Democrats; he looked at a Credentials Committee inaccessible to the most proper human appeal, and then went into the shadows with only the tiniest minority of the anti-Goldwater minority protesting. You can trust Republicans not to be carried away.

When the Duke of Grafton came to his uncle, James II, and announced that in conscience he could support the existing tyranny no further, King James asked in effect: "*You* have a conscience?" "No, sire," the Duke of Grafton replied. "I have very little conscience. But I belong to a party which has a great deal."

The Solution

By Tuesday, Mississippi was solved to the extent that Mississippi is ever solved, and with the maximum concession that anyone could really expect policy to render to conscience. Any member of the legal delegation could sit beneath his state's standard if he would take the oath of loyalty. Two of the 68 members of the moral "delegation" could sit as at-large delegates to the convention, with one full vote each. The 66 other Freedom Party "delegates" would be invited to sit on the floor as "honored guests," a privilege in theory confined to persons who have contributed $1,000 to the Democratic Party. The convention would resolve that any state party which discriminates against Negroes could be refused seats at future conventions. The formula was credited to Hubert Humphrey, but its delicacy of balance was the President's; it takes a very precise judge to weigh rewards and punishments this refined; a white Mississippi Democrat would have to swear himself loyal, but he would not quite yet have to integrate. The two Freedom Party delegates, having been designated as at-large, would not sit in the Mississippi section; they were invited to sit with Michigan.

"I think this is a very good formula," said Illinois National Committeeman Jacob Arvey. "To seat the 68 regular Mississippi delegates takes care of the legal problem, and to seat the two Negroes takes care of the emotional, I could even say, the moral problem."

Only three of the 68 legal delegates accepted these terms and took the oath. Chief among them was Douglas Wynn. His father-in-law is the Johnson family's Austin lawyer, and President Johnson is godfather to Wynn's daughter. We were not watching a populist resurgence in the Mississippi democracy.

None of the 68 moral delegates accepted the decision at all. They had won, largely by their own eloquence, an extraordinary victory. An ordinary Negro is seldom granted something more than his legal right by any institution. They had forced themselves farther than anyone could have imagined upon the conscience of a political party. But they are very simple people. When Hubert Humphrey addressed them, an observer came out surprised at how few of them even knew who Humphrey was. To them their victory was a defeat, and the sophisticates among them were by now too tired from standing all night in vigil outside the convention to know what they had won. That vigil had been rewarded more than they could reasonably have expected, but they felt cheated.

The three regulars who had sworn the oath came and sat beside the Mississippi standard awhile until, oppressed by curiosity seekers, Douglas Wynn took them off to have a drink with the White House staff. While they were gone, Aaron Henry and four other Freedom Party "delegates" occupied the Mississippi section. As time went on, 20 or so more filtered through. They were, of course, squatters, the second such colony to take up its stand on the floor since the convention began. Most of the Alabama delegates had refused to take the pledge on Sunday, but all of them came to the floor and stood under the Alabama standard defying the federal tyrant to throw them out. They were unmolested and Eugene (Bull) Connor, their national committeeman, quite soon became the most popular stationary television subject at the convention and the television reporters uniformly found him both quaint and charming. Nothing of interest less remote than a speech of the honorable John McCormack was going on from the platform and the squatters remained the night's main focus of attention.

There was a moment when the white citizens of Alabama were squatting on one side of the hall, and the Negroes of Mississippi were squatting on another. Try as he will for perfection in the proprieties, Mr. Johnson, so long as he rules the Democrats, had best accept his place as the keeper of a disorderly house.

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Air Force Candidate Goldwater

The Republican Party's candidate sounds increasingly as if he really were the candidate of the US Air Force. Senator Goldwater is a pilot and a major general in the Air Force Reserve, and is its most outspoken supporter in Congress. But it is the first time in our history that one of the nation's military services (and the most powerful one at that) stands on the brink of partisan involvement in a Presidential campaign. That this may be more by accident than design does not minimize the precedent it sets for the future.

Goldwater thinks of himself first as an Air Force officer and only after that as a US Senator. During the annual budget hearings of the Armed Services Committee, he sounds more like an Air Force officer plumping for his service than a legislator searching for the facts.

At hearings in the spring of 1963, while questioning a top Air Force general, the Arizona Senator observed that "the Air Force is practically ignored when the junior grade 'whiz kids' get to work on deciding what *we* [italics added] are going to do and what *we* [italics added] are not going to do." Goldwater went on: "I don't like the direction we are going. . . . The Secretary of Defense or those under him are determined to do away with the Air Force as a unit of our defense capable of carrying weapons to the enemy. I think they will allow *us* [italics added] to go on and carry meat and carry people, carry supplies, but when it comes to carrying weapons, I am afraid that we are within 10 years of seeing that stopped by action of uninformed people in the Pentagon."

"This Is My Anti-McNamara Missile."

Goldwater is convinced that only by being elected President can he assure the Air Force of remaining in the strategic bomber business. Two of the Air Force's top officers, Chief of Staff General Curtis LeMay and Strategic Air Command chief General Thomas Power, both close personal friends of Goldwater, feel as strongly as he does about a new bomber, if not more so. One might easily surmise where their political sympathies lie, as well as those of tens of thousands of Strategic Air Command bomber pilots and crews who face technological unemployment.

This cannot help but strain the relations between President Johnson and two of the nation's most powerful military officers upon whom he must rely heavily in carrying out foreign policy. Some observers speculate that there are subterranean Air Force channels by which Goldwater gains some of his political ammunition. But officially the Air Force and its top officers have remained studiously aloof from the political campaign so far. The law says they must.

Even the Air Force Association's magazine *Air Force and Space Digest*, the strident voice which expresses USAF thinking authoritatively, if unofficially, has been remarkably detached – almost as if it didn't know a Presidential campaign were under way. But observers will be watching the gathering of the clan in Washington September 9-12, when the AFA holds its annual convention. Just a year ago, during Congressional hearings on the limited nuclear test ban treaty, the AFA issued harsh denunciation of the proposed treaty. Its words echoed those with which SAC's General Power and Senator Goldwater attacked the treaty (*The New Republic*, September 28, 1963, p. 13).

During the 1960 Presidential campaign, the AFA convention issued its annual statement of policy, which called for expanded spending on programs which President Eisenhower had refused to endorse. To that extent it was a partisan statement. This year, if the AFA should issue a similarly strong statement, it will be interpreted as direct intervention in behalf of Goldwater. Moderates in the AFA are expected to try to avoid such action, but the more militant members may try for at least some expression of support for the "USAF's candidate."

RAYMOND D. SENTER

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Johnson's Campaign Machinery

by Milton Viorst

President Johnson has fretted friends on Capitol Hill and many supporters around the country by his apparently casual approach to the forthcoming campaign. The National Committee has moved slowly, and even the rudiments of a campaign organization are barely visible. Yet many Senators and Congressmen are counting on Johnson's coattails, and professional and volunteer campaign workers are impatient.

Johnson is more of a party man than Kennedy was, yet he gave even less encouragement than his predecessor did to professionals urging him to keep the campaign machinery well oiled. Like Kennedy, he did nothing to rejuvenate decrepit party organizations in states like Ohio and New York. In Johnson's own state of Texas, the Kennedy assassination shook the organization out of its sectarian muddle, but the muddle has begun to re-emerge. Nationwide, the party has suffered from a lack of decisive political leadership and has become flabby since the great exertions of 1960.

Congressmen and Senators who are standing for reelection grumble because they cannot get home to shake hands and deliver speeches. In the cloakrooms of Capitol Hill, the accusation is often heard that the President, by keeping Congress in session, cares only about his legislative record and nothing about their problems. They say Congress could have finished up its work long ago. It is of course conceivable that the President insists on the passage of bills because he considers them important to the country and not simply because he cares about his legislative score.

Nonetheless it is true that Johnson cannot delegate responsibility. He insists on making every decision himself, because he is a compulsive decision-maker. He demanded an advance tape recording of the convention's keynote address. He approved the page proofs of the convention souvenir book. He selected the cover and the picture of himself that was on it. He allows virtually nothing to be done without his close supervision. Only Walter Jenkins, his personal assistant for 25 years, can presume to make the slightest decision in the President's name. All the activities at the National Committee funnel through Jenkins into the White House. They funnel out at an agonizingly slow pace. The assembling of the campaign machinery would undoubtedly be several weeks further along if Johnson did not insist on inspecting every cog.

Johnson himself is not disturbed by the slow pace. He does not regard a faster pace as necessary. He takes the view that a party's greatest asset is not its organization but its candidate. He knows he has certain advantages Kennedy did not have in 1960. The Presidential office captures attention more easily than a campaign. He is familiar to the voters as well as possessing the prestige of the Presidency. Johnson is supremely confident about his own strength. He makes no secret of his satisfaction with the polls, both public and private, which show him overwhelmingly in the lead. He does not seem bothered by his rival's lead in organization.

To those who remain distressed, Johnson points out that he has an ace in the hole in the old Kennedy organization. John F. Kennedy built his machine to carry him to the nomination. It possessed enough momentum to transport him to the Presidency. Some questioned its loyalty to Johnson after the assassination. But it was Kennedy's personal aides – Sorensen, Schlesinger, Salinger – who left. The political aides – the "Irish Mafia" of O'Brien, O'Donnell, Maguire and others – remained on to serve the new President. Johnson put his own man, Cliff Carter of Texas, into the National Committee, presumably to keep an eye on the "Mafia's" operations. He need not have bothered. The "Mafia" has been true to Johnson. It proved it this summer by rejecting Robert Kennedy's overtures, thus refusing to be an instrument of the political ambitions of John F. Kennedy's brother. It preferred to re-elect Lyndon Johnson.

Larry O'Brien, Kennedy's organizational genius, more than any man will run Johnson's 1964 campaign, whatever O'Brien's title. O'Brien has been assigned the task of rebuilding the Kennedy machine, which in four years had begun to disintegrate. O'Brien began in Atlantic City, where the delegates to the national convention were predominantly those who in 1960 carried Jack Kennedy on their shoulders to the top of the ticket. These were the men and women who ran the state and local operations that also won the election. So efficiently did this machine function that Barry Goldwater patterned after it his own organization, of which the leaders have been called – to Goldwater's delight – the Arizona "Mafia." O'Brien, who is still serving as the President's chief lobbyist on Capitol Hill, may be unable to give full time to the campaign until Congress adjourns. More precious weeks may thus be lost. It

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is widely believed, nonetheless, that O'Brien will be able to put the Kennedy organization back together again in time to make it an effective campaign force.

But there is still anguish in the Johnson camp. Old pros who believe elections are won on the shoe leather of party workers are nervous. At this stage of the campaign there is no dearth of volunteers. But, strangely, they seem to be overwhelmingly anti-Goldwater rather than pro-Johnson. The President, despite his achievements, has not been an inspiring figure to the country. The Goldwater campaign possesses far more zest, as did the Kennedy campaign four years ago. Johnson, thus far, seems not to have recognized that he has failed to infuse in his workers any sense of personal dedication. This absence of spirit is the most disquieting sign in the Johnson camp.

Unexciting candidates do not get out the votes, especially if they are complacent about their attraction. The campaign, to be sure, is proceeding more or less according to plan – Johnson's plan. Some of the Democratic leaders consider the plan either inadequate or applied with insufficient vigor.

The Great Unemployment Fallacy

by Edwin L. Dale Jr.

It seems to this reporter after countless conversations with informed Americans – from intellectuals through bankers – that the country is gripped by a set of fallacies about the main problem of our economy and perhaps of our society – unemployment.

So deep is the conventional wisdom, and so pervasive through the right-to-left spectrum, that neither I nor anyone else has much hope of shaking it. But perhaps a try is worthwhile. Significantly, the one group that least accepts the conventional view is the economists, though they are not unanimous.

The fallacy is in three parts:

1. Something new called automation (or "cybernation") has profoundly altered the conditions of production and employment in our society.
2. Jobs for the unskilled are disappearing.
3. These two factors, combined with the huge influx of teenagers into the labor market, present and impending, make the problem of curing unemployment almost insoluble – or in any case soluble only by wholly new measures of training or income transfer.

Given this set of beliefs, the sensitive American of either right or left simply cannot believe that such a measure as a general tax cut, or manipulation of monetary policy, could possibly cure the unemployment that he reads of or experiences. Yet it is the contention here that unemployment in the United States will steadily decline over the years ahead and that two or three years from now the great huzzah over automation and "structural unemployment" will be over and forgotten; that is, the conventional wisdom will have been shaken and abandoned.

My basic proposition will, of course, be recognized as familiar, if dubious, to those who accept the conventional wisdom. It is that general fiscal and monetary measures of government to expand total demand – and to maintain it when it reaches an adequate level – will *all by themselves* solve the unemployment problem. And by solve it I mean reduce unemployment, by our normal statistical definitions, to 3.5 percent or less of the labor force in two or three years. Such a level of unemployment is regarded by almost everyone as the equivalent of reasonably full employment. It means that the great bulk of the problem children of the conventional wisdom – the high school dropout, the railroad worker automated out of a job, the slum Negro – will have jobs.

Let me repeat, to be explicit: With no new training programs, with no shortening of the work week, with no special manpower policies, with no radical measures like paying people who do not work, this country will get full employment by expansion of demand alone. The expansion of demand will come partly by government measures such as the tax cut – that is, aggressive use, now, of budget deficits – and partly from a self-generating expansion of the economy fostered by the government measures. I can foresee only two possible reasons why the expansion of demand might be prevented: one would be the election of a too-conservative Administration, the other would be worsening of the balance-of-payments problem that would require a more restrictive government domestic policy. Neither counts as likely.

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Before tackling the three fallacies, let us launch this argument with three true stories.

The first is World War II in the United States. Because of huge budget deficits (not because of the war, though the war caused the deficits), aggregate demand in the United States expanded enormously. Not only did full employment come rapidly after a whole decade of chronic unemployment, but employers quickly learned to train the allegedly unemployable. It wasn't only Rosy the Riveter but Stepinfetchit who got jobs.

The second is West Germany since 1948. For various reasons unnecessary to describe here, aggregate demand in Germany has been consistently high. The results, remarkably unknown in the United States, have been revealing.

Hordes of German refugees from the East and the South, most originally badly located and many without skills, have all found jobs. The influx into the German labor force from this source during many of the past 15 years was greater proportionately than our present large labor force growth. In addition to the refugees, the movement off the farm in Germany was greater than here, and all these people got jobs, too.

Still the demand for labor was not satisfied. And so now half-literate *Turks* are being transported into Germany and quickly put to work. They are about as unskilled as it is possible to be, and they cannot even speak the language. Yet they all have jobs. This is to say nothing of Italians, Greeks and Spaniards.

And to cap this story, the rate of "automation" in Germany has been consistently faster than ours, as measured by the annual rise in the output of each worker per hour or day or week. Today, despite all these things, there is a severe labor shortage in Germany, with six vacancies for each unemployed worker.

The third story is West Virginia in the years from 1946 to 1953. Although the fact is little realized, the "automation" of the coal mines and some other industries was proceeding in those years, too. The total number of jobs in West Virginia was steady or declining. Yet there was no unemployment problem on the present scale. The reason was that the national economy was booming – because demand was high – and West Virginians got jobs in Ohio, Pennsylvania and points north. These were years of full employment. West Virginia had a jobless rate a bit higher than the rest of the nation, but the state was hardly a "distressed area."

There is simply no explanation for these three stories except high aggregate demand. And they all reveal a crucial fact: If demand is high enough, the level of skills of the unemployed, or of the new entries into the labor force, is irrelevant. Employers take on the unskilled, and gladly, feeding them in at the bottom of the work-and-income scale. Perhaps the white soda jerk leaves for a better-paying job in the local factory and a Negro with six years education takes his place, but in any case the Negro gets a job.

Now a word about the fallacies themselves.

First automation. There is only one meaningful test of whether automation – a particularly advanced form of technology – represents something new or only a continuation of the long process of technological change. This is in the figures on productivity, or output per manhour. By displacing labor, machines make the manhour output of the remaining workers larger.

Wrong About Automation

Our productivity figures are not entirely satisfactory. But without going into a long statistical digression, it can be said that there is some evidence, still not conclusive, that our rate of productivity advance may now be *slightly* more rapid than it has been all through our industrial history. No more than that, and possibly not even that. It is simply mistaken to claim, on the evidence so far, that automation has meant a radical change. Some people, knowing all this, claim that it *will* do so, but this is really just crystal-ball gazing.

Note that I am not saying that automation does not displace workers. Of course it does. But so have machines for 150 years – sometimes outright layoff, more often less new hiring than would otherwise have been necessary. But whenever demand was high we have had full employment nonetheless.

Next, jobs for unskilled workers. This seems to me, in part, a case of the non-blind being unwilling to see.

In the last 48 hours I have seen the following unskilled people at work: street repairman, taxi driver, airport porter, elevator operator, drugstore counter girl, movie admissions taker, supermarket checkout girl, golf caddie, office boy, messenger, janitor, night watchman, garbage collector, building guard, cleaning woman, motel clerk, waiter, parking lot attendant, waitress, baseball groundskeeper, park cleaner. The only one of these that I can imagine might one day be automated out of a job is the elevator operator.

There is more to be said. The other day I was in an automated check-clearing department of a bank. It was impressive. But the strange thing was that nearly half the 25 jobs there (two more jobs than before the automation, though it is true that the department now does twice the volume of work) were, at best, semi-skilled. Girls were feeding checks through quick-photography machines, for example, and anyone with a good education would have gone crazy with the monotony after three days; these girls, as nearly as I could tell, were happy with the pay.

Obviously one cannot generalize from the particular in matters of this kind. But this is precisely what the "no jobs for the unskilled" school are doing – citing New York elevator operators or one or two other

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examples of that kind.

The fact is, surprisingly, that there is no evidence that unskilled jobs are disappearing at any faster rate than our people are being upgraded in education and skill, if they are disappearing at all. There is even some evidence, based on a breakdown of the unemployed figures, that the rate of unemployment among the unskilled is *lower*, in relation to the total unemployment rate, than it was ten years ago. I am not going to suggest that we will soon be confronted with a shortage of unskilled labor, but it is possible. Labor Secretary Wirtz is right in urging young people to finish their education if they want high-paying jobs; but he is wrong in suggesting that those who don't will have no jobs at all. Not if we expand demand.

Finally, the growth of the labor force because of the teenage explosion.

One does not need the West German experience to refute this one. What about the decades of heavy immigration into the United States? What about the flood of Algerian refugees into France? The growth of the labor force is, of course, an opportunity, not a problem. In the classic circle of consumption and production, the worker in effect buys his own output. If aggregate demand is high – made that way in the first instance in our present case by government policy – the demand for labor will be high. It always has been and there is no evidence that the dynamics of a capitalist or market economy have so changed as to make this untrue in the future. What the labor force growth means is that our aggregate demand must grow a bit more rapidly to maintain full employment; and it will do so largely by itself if government demand measures are reasonably close to the mark.

So much for the case. Obviously only events can say whether the current conventional wisdom is, in fact, badly out of line with reality. But one can hope, at least, that as the unemployment percentage drifts lower – now that we are actively using government measures to increase and maintain demand – the present fears about automation, the teenagers, structural unemployment and the unskilled will die away. For if one must worry, it is better to worry about something real.

Dilemma on Cyprus

If I spit upward, I spit on my face, if downward on my beard – CYPRUS VILLAGE PROVERB.

Nicosia

The proverb defines the dilemma facing Archbishop Makarios, President of Cyprus, whose country's strife has brought Greece and Turkey to the brink of war, and might yet force a showdown between the United States and Russia.

At a Turkish beachhead in northwest Cyprus, mainland and local Turks stockpiled ammunition and shuttled in arms and men to five Turkish Cypriot villages clustered along the sea. Greek Cypriot troops under mainland commanders machinegunned and mortared their way into four of the villages. Before the fifth, Kokina, could be captured, Turkish jets swooped in from the north, bombing and strafing both the advancing army and neighboring hamlets where scores died from napalm burns. Greece called for a cease-fire and a quick Security Council hearing brought temporary peace, but few in Cyprus believe that it will last.

Makarios has privately rejected a plan which Greek, Turkish, British and US diplomats, including former Secretary Dean Acheson, have been negotiating in Geneva under a UN mediator. It called for *enosis* (union with Greece), with a permanent Turkish base in the island, under NATO.

Greek Cypriots would accept *enosis*, but want no strings attached. They say the proposed base would constitute a perpetual threat: any trumped up cry from the Turkish minority would serve as pretext for a Turkish takeover. The Greeks believe there was Anglo-American collusion in the Turks' napalm attack. The Cypriot Minister of the Interior, Polykarpos Georkadjis, hinted that Britain's bases in the island may have to go.

On this wave of anti-Western sentiment, Makarios has found himself increasingly propelled toward the Soviet camp. Russia – and Egypt – are giving Cyprus military aid. As a result, even Greek Cypriot rightists want Makarios to sign a treaty with Moscow. Negotiations were begun in Moscow by Dr. Vassos Lyssarides, a Cypriot socialist who might be the successor of Archbishop Makarios.

But other Greek Cypriots, including some of Makarios' ministers, prefer a NATO Cyprus to an alliance with Russia. So does the Greek government, and so does George Grivas, the Greek general who led EOKA's underground war with Britain, and who is now supreme commander of the Greek Cypriot army. His officers are mainland Greeks.

Many Cyprus officials believe that Greece would not risk war with Turkey, and that America would see that she did not.

The appearance of Russia in the picture has led to increasing talk of an anti-Makarios *coup*. Without Makarios, Cyprus could negotiate more freely with the Turks.

Can Makarios successfully walk this tightrope? Another Cyprus village proverb says that "the mouse had no hole in which to stay, so he walked into a cage."

BARBARA CORNWALL

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Learning To Live with China

In spite of contacts in Warsaw, China remains the international pariah as far as the United States is concerned, and this hostility seems to be reciprocated in full measure; but other countries appear less reluctant about recognizing or at least trading with the Chinese. In the follow- dispatches from Paris, Tokyo, Hong Kong and elsewhere, correspond- ents of The New Republic *describe China's changing relations with the rest of the world.*

France Does What Comes Naturally

Most of the leaders of Communist China have worked or studied in France; Ch'en Tu-hsiu, founder of the Chinese Communist Party, Chou En-lai, the Chinese Premier, Ch'en Yi, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Li Fu-ch'un, Vice Premier and chairman of the State Planning Commission.

Paris came very close to recognizing Peking in 1949. Just before the move was to be made, Peking recognized Hanoi, when the French were still deeply committed in South Vietnam. After the Geneva conference of 1954, it was again a colonial problem which prevented the two countries establishing diplomatic relations. The contacts that had been made by Mendès-France could not be followed up because of France's preoccupation with Algeria, and China's sympathy for the rebels.

The basis of the recognition finally achieved this year is to be found in Potsdam and Yalta. De Gaulle fears more than anything else a "solution" imposed on Europe by the two super powers. There has always existed an affinity between postwar France and China: the one sponsored by Churchill, the other by Roosevelt. At a time when the US and Russia begin to move together, the attempt of France to open a channel to the East seems natural. The recognition of China is in line with the French goal of seeking fluidity on the international scene. It confirms her leading role in Europe, lays the basis for a new conference on Southeast Asia which de Gaulle hopes will lead to neutralization, and gives France new prestige in the Afro-Asian world.

Recognition has not roused much interest in most Frenchmen. French youth is interested in America, not in China. The most sensational development has been a report that Chinese spies are trying to get French atomic secrets. But French business circles are definitely interested in China. They strongly favored recognition. France has in the past sold China locomotives and wheat. But, though China is now France's second best customer in Asia, the market is still very small. France trades more with Switzerland than with China. Nevertheless French businessmen get as excited as 19th Century entrepreneurs did at the thought of adding one inch to the shirt tail of every Chinese.

The 3,000 Chinese who have made their homes in France seem pleased about the recognition. They have little respect for the Formosa regime; they see Formosa as a US colony. While they know how to criticize the Communist regime, they also feel proud of the new place of China on the world scene.

The recognition was extremely embarrassing for the French left, and especially for the French Communist Party. Russia now seems closer to Washington than to Paris, and at the same time the French Communists are denounced by Peking for revisionism.

De Gaulle analyzes the situation like this: "Without a doubt, there is a certain doctrinal solidarity between Moscow and Peking; but beneath a cloak, every day more tattered, appears the inevitable difference of national policies." De Gaulle is determined to derive some advantage from this split for France and, if possible, for world peace.

KENNETH H. MILLER

The Japanese Cash Register

Japan's current policy toward China is geared to the cash register and is ringing up handsome profits. China and Japan do not have even such diplomatic contacts as China and the United States have with each other in Warsaw; but there is a flood of unofficial travelers between Tokyo and Peking, and Japan's steadily mounting trade with mainland China is expected to reach $200 million this year. This would approach or surpass Japan's trade with Nationalist China. Some economists say Tokyo-Peking trade will climb to $400 million by

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1967. Japanese merchants are passing through Hong Kong to Canton, Shanghai and Peking at a rate of about 200 a month, in defiance of admonitions about China's lack of foreign exchange, its paucity of things to sell, and the risk that contracts can be canceled overnight.

If despite trade the Japanese go cautiously in their official contacts with Peking, it is partly because Japan has a deep commitment to America's Far Eastern defense policy, and has strong political links with the Chiang Kai-shek government of Formosa. But Japanese self-interest also plays a key role in Tokyo's go-slow course *vis-à-vis* China. For instance, many Japanese worry that once Japan enters into diplomatic negotiations with Peking, their nation may be asked to pay a staggering sum in war reparations. Some estimates put Japan's total war damage in China at $50 billion. Also, Japanese businessmen have important investments on Formosa, so Japan is in the forefront of nations which refuse to recognize Peking's territorial claims to that island. (Mr. Ikeda, the Prime Minister of Japan, told the Diet a few months ago that Formosa is "not legally" even a part of Nationalist China.) Japan has been working behind the scenes to enlist the support of Paris, London, and Bonn for recognizing the right of the Formosans to self-determination.

Not surprisingly, Japan's major opposition parties, the Socialists, advocate recognition of China. But some of Prime Minister Ikeda's colleagues within the ruling Liberal-Democratic Party also disagree with his policy of non-recognition. Among the dissenters is the chairman of the party's executive board, Aiichiro Fujiyama, a former foreign minister, who calls for a more "independent" China policy. Several other former cabinet ministers have charged that the present policy is "too subservient" to Washington. Some conservatives who are critical of Mr. Ikeda's China policy are urging Japan to act as mediator between the United States and mainland China. One of these is Haruhiko Nishi, the former vice minister of foreign affairs and former ambassador to Britain and Australia. He slyly suggests that Japan dispatch a "peace corps" to Washington to "help soften Americans' attitudes" toward Peking.

ALBERT AXELBANK

The British Lions

The US aircraft carrier *Constellation* was at Hong Kong when it got the call to dash to the Gulf of Tonkin to join other American warships there. In Hong Kong, people react with a remarkable equanimity to the crises and confusion in Vietnam and Laos, and to Peking's hints of intervention. Hong Kong has weathered other crises – for example, the Korean War – and most resi-

"Ready or Not, Here I Come!"

dents feel nothing short of a global conflict is likely to change the situation here. On a hot, summer afternoon in Hong Kong, as the day draws to a close, a long shadow falls across the very British Cricket Club, which is an oasis of immaculate lawn in the heart of the business area. Visitors often feel it is somewhat ominous that this shadow is cast by the Communist Bank of China. However, the Chinese bank, guarded by two stone Chinese lions, coexists alongside the prosperous Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, guarded by two stone British lions.

A Chinese friend, who deals in art and antiques, recently returned from his annual business trip to Peking, where he buys most of his stock. Partly in jest, I asked him: "Well, when are the comrades going to take over Hong Kong and put you out of business?"

"Hah!" he said. "My grandchildren's grandchildren will not live to see that day."

Official confidence is reflected in Hong Kong government plans to spend $1.5 billion on development projects in the next 10 years.

At first sight, China's tolerance of Hong Kong is curious. There would seem to be good reason for the Chinese Communists to feel uneasy about the existence of Hong Kong and the neighboring Portuguese colony

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of Macao, 40 miles down the coast. As the last vestige of Britain's colonial empire in Asia, with a booming economy based on free enterprise and capitalism, Hong Kong stands for everything Peking officially abhors. As a showcase for the good life of the non-Communist world, it is a constant reminder of the austerity of the Communist world just across the border. Macao, with its cobbled streets, its gambling casinos, its Mediterranean appearance, is even more of an anomalous appendage of China.

In Canton, capital of the neighboring Chinese province of Kwangtung, both Hong Kong and Macao pose a special problem. The Canton press frequently carries articles on the "decadence" of the two colonies, denouncing them as Asia's Sodom and Gomorrah.

Moscow has repeatedly needled Peking on the subject of Hong Kong and Macao. To counter Chinese charges that the Soviet Union is pandering to the West, Russia seeks to prove that China too practices expediency in certain circumstances. Last year, the Soviet government newspaper *Izvestia* criticized China for ignoring "the sufferings of her countrymen in the British colony of Hong Kong," which it described as "a dangerous growth on the body of China." More recently, the Soviet press has accused the Peking press of displaying "amazing indifference" about 500,000 refugees living in shanty towns in Hong Kong while they wait for government housing. And *Pravda* attacked China's "peculiar tolerance" of Macao, which it called Portugal's "torture chamber of imperialism."

So as well as maintaining a steady propaganda campaign to combat the attractions of the two colonies, and a strong military force to resist sabotage and subversion by enemy agents using them as bases, China must also suffer Moscow's taunts. It is a measure of the usefulness of Hong Kong and Macao to Peking that all these pressures have not noticeably affected its attitude toward the two colonies. The Chinese Communists are prepared to put up with the inconvenience and aggravation for the substantial material return they receive.

About 40 to 45 percent of the convertible foreign exchange earned by Communist China each year comes from Hong Kong, enough to pay for Peking's large grain imports from Canada, Australia and elsewhere. Last year, Peking earned $260 million in visible foreign trade with Hong Kong. At least another $200 million goes to China in the form of remittance from Chinese living abroad to relatives on the mainland, and from the earnings of department stores, movie houses and other enterprises operated by Chinese Communist representatives here.

United States citizens are prohibited by law from any form of trading with Communist China, but the law is broken every day by American tourists, for the Communist enterprises do not advertise their affiliation with China. Even sailors of the US Seventh Fleet contribute to China's fund of dollars when they frequent certain Communist-operated bars in the Wanchai world of "Suzy Wong."

Ian Stewart

Pakistan Flirts

Through what the State Department calls his "flirtation" with China, President Ayub Khan of Pakistan is developing the most active foreign policy in Asia. Indian foreign policy, in disorder since the Chinese invasion of late 1962, is now momentarily immobile. Ayub's policy, as Nehru's was, is designed to restore control of Asian affairs to Asians. Inevitably, that implies a reduction of Western influence. It took Washington 10 years to accept that Nehru's non-alignment was not, after all, immoral, friendship with Russia was not a crime, and Nehru was not anti-American or pro-Russian but pro-Indian. After that hard-won experience, one might expect Washington to grant that Ayub's incipient non-alignment is not immoral, he has good reasons for talking to China, and he is simply pro-Pakistan. But the US has denounced the "flirtation."

How far has the flirtation gone, and how much further can it go before it becomes seduction or even rape? Pakistani leaders off the record recognize the relationship for what it is: one of mutual convenience. The Communist Party remains banned in Pakistan, which has not entrusted the defense of its northern frontier to Chinese goodwill, as India did for so long.

The largest single diplomatic step has been the border agreement of March, 1963, defining the frontier between Sinkiang and Pakistan-held Kashmir. Pakistanis, citing India's experience, claim this as an act of simple commonsense rather than folly. Its legality was dubious but it certainly was not, as is sometimes alleged, a giant give-away of Kashmiri territory (the Pakistanis did better than they had hoped).

Much was made of last year's agreement for an exchange of civil airline flights, which Pakistan but not China has been operating since April. This genuinely began as an airline project, but became a diplomatic one. One day it will no doubt help the Chinese fly into Africa. That apart, it seems no more sinister than Air-India's long-standing agreement with Aeroflot.

President Ayub could swing much further from the West. In April, India freed the long-imprisoned Kashmiri leader, Sheikh Abdullah, who at once proved, what India had denied, that the Kashmir issue was far from settled. He seemed to have convinced Nehru that an attempt should be made to reach agreement, and Pakistani hopes rose. Then came Nehru's death, which released a wave of sympathy, then a wave of hope.

Shastri, the new Prime Minister, responded warmly,

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and had arranged before he fell ill to open the dialogue with Ayub at the Commonwealth conference in London. But the atmosphere was being poisoned as Nehru was dying, for the United States was agreeing to arm India against China, promising over $100 million a year of aid for the next five years. Ten years earlier, Washington had killed the Kashmir negotiations by a similar agreement with Pakistan, and it may have killed them again, as well as giving Pakistan another push away from the West. To Pakistan (which gets about $60 million a year of US military aid) arming India is like selling hand-grenades and submachine-guns to Cuba. On June 22 Mr. Bhutto declared it time for Pakistan to review its military and political commitments. President Ayub attacked the United States for "opportunism," arranged for closer cooperation between Pakistan, Iran and Turkey – all CENTO countries – in a Moslem bloc, and blamed "the American agglomeration of power" round China's periphery for the risk of another Korea. He supported the call for a new Geneva conference on Southeast Asia.

It seems to me only a matter of time before Pakistan quits the Western alliances. I should not regard that as a great loss to Pakistan or the West. Those who disagree may wonder whether it can be postponed or prevented by a change of regime in Pakistan. Almost certainly not: the Pakistani opposition has many complaints against President Ayub, but its only complaint against his foreign policy is that he is not moving fast enough. STEPHEN HUGH-JONES

China as the Trump in the African Pack

The Communist Chinese are hoping to make Africa a sphere of influence and the new African leaders are hoping to play off the Chinese against the United States and the Soviet Union. Chinese embassies in Africa are in touch with the spreading rebellion in the Congo but the rebels seem more tribal than Marxist. Tribalism is a bigger threat in Africa than Communism, just as residual colonialism is almost the least of Africa's problems: of the continent's estimated 299, 500,000 population, 276,800,000 are now independent. Of those who are not, most are citizens of Portugal, and there is an advanced rebellion in Portuguese Guinea, a stymied one in Angola and a threat of one in Mozambique. British Northern Rhodesia (Zambia), Malawi (ex-Nyasaland), Gambia and Mauritius are or are becoming independent, even the tiny, landlocked protectorates of Swaziland and Basutoland and the lunar marches of Bechuanaland are now almost self-governing and should put out their flags in 1966, and the 45,000-population Seychelles Islands may end up as a nation with an embassy in Washington. In Southern Rhodesia, Premier Ian Smith's all-*white* government is threatening Britain with rebellion. All de Gaulle has managed to save of France's African empire is a restless group of islands, the Comoros, and the port of Jibuti at the Red Sea end of the Ethiopian railroad.

The semi-colonial situation of South Africa will continue for a long time yet, for arrests of African leaders, the ubiquity of the secret police, the strength of the armed forces, *and* the comparatively high standard of living among Africans all militate against open revolt.

On the Pan-African front, economic association is growing. Nigeria, Sierra Leone, Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika have negotiated or requested agreements from the European Economic Community, and the East African Common Services Organization still links Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika in a customs and transport union. The Afro-Malagasy Union groups 14 French-speaking African countries. The spread of Islam south of the Sahara is seen by Egypt's President Nasser as a possible rock on which to build an empire, and he also has his eye on oil-rich Libya: King Idris' queen is an Egyptian, and so are many of his courtiers.

The Organization of African Unity has discovered the mistake of having all African frontier disputes referred to it; it is gradually being understood that arbitrating those quarrels forces African countries to take sides against each other. If intra-African arbitration on such unsolved issues as Algeria-Morocco, Somalia-Ethiopia-Kenya and Dahomey-Niger does continue, common sense suggests solutions that do not set an example to any country's tribal secession movements: such solutions would be land purchase treaties. Russia has given $26 million in military aid, and China has promised an unnamed sum, to help Somalis kill Ethiopians and Kenyans; it would be better to pay Ethiopia and Kenya in return for them giving up to Somalia the parched pastures on which Somali grazers live. This would also enable France to give the Jibuti enclave to Ethiopia, as Paris probably would like to do, without provoking a Somali war.

But the Africans have entered on a race against time, for they know that, among the many anticipated chapters on the long road from the test-ban to a non-aggression pact, there could be a fairly simple unofficial agreement by the US and Russia not to expose each other to dollar-ruble blackmail in Africa. The cold war has been the sinews of African diplomacy: if the US and Russia were "on the same side," Africa's leverage on them would sink toward the pathetic level of its economic and military power. From now on, therefore, we can expect African countries to play China – though with justified suspicion and caution – as the last apparent trump card. RUSSELL WARREN HOWE

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"The Alliance for Progress Is Dead"

Mexico City

At its recent meeting here, the Inter-American Committee for the Alliance for Progress examined such problems as an estimated $2,300 million committed for Alliance projects but not yet put to work, and the developing nations' heavy load of debt, which is blamed on lack of planning. The ICAP sessions took place in Mexico against a background of general indifference. The reason is grim. The ICAP is the key organization of the Alliance for Progress, but since the Alliance is no more, the ICAP is the mere ghost of a corpse.

Is the *Alianza* truly dead? Four years ago, during his electoral campaign, John F. Kennedy launched the idea of an "alliance for progress" with the nations of Latin America. The argument was as follows: with the exception of two or three countries which have already had their revolution, Latin America is a feudal society, based on an uneconomic and anachronistic system of land ownership which is a major obstacle to progress. In most of these countries the great landholders constitute an oligarchy which keeps tight hold of power, through so-called "democratic" politicians, demagogues, or military leaders, as the case may be. For Latin America to develop a modern, economically viable and socially progressive capitalist society, with democratic government and a foreign policy coinciding with the interests of the United States, the social structure must be changed, with emphasis on agrarian reform.

All social reforms involve economic disruption and a fall in productivity. To offset this and indemnify the expropriated landowners, the idea of an organization for assistance was conceived, hopefully christened the Alliance for Progress.

Three and a half years after its creation, the balance sheet of the Alliance's accomplishments reads:

► It has created a complicated bureaucratic structure, given employment to hundreds of technicians who have absolutely no conception of the political goals of the organization, formulated hundreds of statements and carried out studies to the tune of several million dollars.

► It has built houses, hospitals, roads, water supply systems, and provided school luncheons, and so benefited hundreds of thousands of Latin Americans.

► It has considered several development programs, none of which contains a single measure looking toward a transformation of the social structure.

► It has noted "with satisfaction," as the official formula goes, that fiscal reform legislation has been passed in some countries, and laws for agrarian reform in others; but it has yet to see any of these laws put into effect. The truth is that they are a legislative mockery of the hunger for land and the crying need to do away with the oligarchical monopoly of political and economic power.

► It has answered criticism, accusation of failure, and general indifference by creating the ICAP and turning the presidency of this agency over to an oligarchical Colombian politician who, however, was complaining last week, with justice, about new restrictions imposed on basic Latin American exports by the US Congress under US domestic pressure in an election year.

One can therefore see why many of those who believed in and supported the original concept of the Alliance now feel that it is dead.

Everyone (including the Communists) believed the Alliance would succeed in its avowed goals. The facts prove that everyone was wrong. But wait: not quite everyone. One group never believed in the Alliance (and therefore acted as though it *did* believe in it): the oligarchy of the landholders.

The Alliance was based on two premises, both of which proved false: first, that the combination of popular pressure, economic pressure, US aid and fear of Castro would compel the oligarchy to give up its political power and part of its economic privileges; sec-

High Sierra

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ond, that it would be possible to carry out a successful development program with widespread social changes.

The oligarchical interests were not afraid of Castro. Fear of Castro was limited to the United States, and to the Latin American democratic Left which was afraid that open support of the Alliance would cause this group to be called a "flunky of Yankee imperialism." Thus, the oligarchy refused any social reform other than the most superficial gestures.

The Alliance had to find something to do. Since it could not put across any real reforms, it built hospitals, houses, etc., which the Latin American governments could reasonably have been expected to do themselves. Hence the Alliance became simply another foreign aid program. The Latin American governments (all oligarchies save three) succeeded in detouring the Alliance away from its original goal, making it powerless to bring about social change, deceiving those who had faith in it, and using it to make the United States foot the bill, while at the same time they reproached the United States for providing "inadequate" aid. These oligarchies are the main source of nationalist agitation in Latin America today.

The proposals for continental political unity contemplated by the Alliance all came to nothing: a Latin American parliament, a Latin American army, a Latin American Common Market. And the oligarchies continue in power, strengthened by Alliance funds.

VICTOR ALBA

The Midnight Clam Chase

East Greenwich Cove, Rhode Island

Lying beneath the sleek pleasure yachts anchored in this tiny cove just off Narragansett Bay is a contaminated treasure of thousand upon thousand of little neck clams (quahogs they are called locally). Clamming is prohibited because sewage flows have diseased the shellfish beds. But the price for quahogs is so high (a man can easily make $100 in two hours) and the beds so rich that the cove has to be patroled closely by the state fish and game division. Even so, clammers bolt 100 horsepower outboard motors on to beat-up 14-foot skiffs, drift in at night and rake up the loot. If spotted, they race for cover. Fish dealers buy the diseased clams and feed them into the interstate market.

Robert Lowry, a big, cheerful former police officer, commands 23 men of the state fish and game division who have been battling quahog runners up and down Narragansett Bay for 10 years. The patrols work in teams of two by car and boat around the clock. Each man has pistol and blackjack and is trained in judo. They have shortwave radios, lightweight fiberglass boats that can do 40 knots, and a helicopter.

The state legislature has made a second offense of shellfishing in polluted waters a felony, punishable by a fine of $1,000 or two years in jail or both. Offenders may also forfeit their expensive motors. Some 40 cases have been prosecuted by Natalie Urso, a special counsel for the attorney general. A gang operating on the Providence River, which feeds into the bay, once set up headquarters on the third floor of a tenement overlooking the river. Eight or nine boats worked the water below, state patrol radios were monitored. A brightly-lit window looking out on the river was shaded when the conservation officers were heard approaching, and the boats disappeared. Lowry remembers a crew of masked clammers who when spotted raced out into the bay, discarded the masks, changed clothes, switched boats and went in different directions. Clammers who have a flare shot over them often dump all equipment overboard, open engines full out, ram the nearest shore full tilt, jump out and run into the woods. Lowry recalls chasing a man up a sewer pipe. Clammers will also wait until the state patrol boat approaches, then bash the officer in the bow with a clam rake.

This summer a patrol came on a man in a skiff who was hauling up bushels of quahogs that were being picked and put in bags down below by another man in a scuba diving suit. The men escaped in a truck they had left parked near the local yacht club. The ensuing chase through the narrow winding streets of East Greenwich ended in an arrest following a collision at an intersection between the truck and two station wagons of the fish and game division.

Lowry grits his teeth because he has been unable to lay hands on the dealers who buy the polluted clams. Everyone from Providence to Washington seems to know who they are but their names still appear on the approved list of shellfish dealers circulated among the states by the US Public Health Service. This list is supposed to enable a purchaser to protect his customers from eating raw clams which may be contaminated. In 1961 the Public Health Service said nearly 1,000 people in the greater New York area came down with hepatitis after eating raw clams on the half shell. Clam beds on the Raritan Bay adjacent to New York were found to be polluted. In 1963, 100 cases of hepatitis in the New Haven-Bridgeport, Conn., area were traced to clams taken from Narragansett Bay. Another 100 cases were traced to clams from Southern New Jersey bays. Fedederal officials regard the Rhode Island patrol as the best on the East Coast. Connecticut, New Jersey and Delaware offer little real protection. A few weeks ago Lowry helped Massachusetts officials catch a nighttime clammer, and that state now is embarking on a program after the Rhode Island model. As for Connecticut, Lowry depends on old ladies in Watch Hill, close to Connecticut, to let him know when clammers come across the boundaries. When he gets a call, he chases them home.

JAMES RIDGEWAY

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Our Streets of Violence

"Why Did You Kill the Old Man?"

by Robert Coles

In May this year in a Boston slum three Negro boys set upon an 85-year-old white man, and in fairly short order had injured him enough that he died some hours later. Five other Negro youths watched, then joined their comrades in flight. They were all seen running, and so were eventually all arrested. The papers chose to ignore the race of the attackers and emphasize the senselessness of the crime: wanton bestiality committed for a mere 75 cents gained.

A friend of mine, an Episcopal minister, is a friend of most of these young men; and because we are friends, and because he knew of my work with Negro children, but most of all because of his stubborn concern for his troubled flock, I became closely involved in the fate of these boys, interviewing them at length as a group and individually, and appearing at their arraignment. Seven of them were under 16, and so were in a detention center for delinquent minors. One was barely eligible to be in the prison where I came to know him.

The medical and psychiatric histories, including facts about the several families and their kind of living, were comprehensive in their chronicle of want and dispersal (I heard Southern cities recited as if they were European countries at war, sending their frightened and homeless people to America). Several of the boys clearly suffered from childhood deficiencies and deformities poorly treated. Two were likely retarded. Three were so bright that they were already depressed and angry at what they saw so accurately to be their future. The eight families were predominantly on relief, a drain on the city's budget; significantly fatherless; and without exception poor by any standard of American life I know except for that of our migrant farmers.

Why did they do it? I asked them that after a while, and their answers were at first no answer – a mute shrug, a shaking of the head, a defiant turning away, face crammed with lines and movements of anger and scorn. One boy seemed approachable, but only to my initiative and subsequent talk about my own life. I told him about my work in desegregated schools in the South – I was trying with little time before his trial, to earn his confidence – and he said directly, "You want to know if we did it because he was white." I did want to know that, and had fumbled to it rather quickly.

"It's true, if he were Negro we wouldn't have asked him for money. Negroes don't have any money to give. But we didn't think 'he's white' and then go hit him for that. . . . Truth is I don't know why we did it. One minute he was there, and the next minute we told him we wanted his money, and he refused, so we jumped him. . . . I don't think we wanted to hurt him bad or kill him; he was slow in giving us anything, so we started hitting him . . . and I guess we lost our tempers."

Such explanations do not suit the rational, categorical mind. Well, *was* it a racial crime? *Did* they have a motive? What prompts such violence, and what, for the sake of all of us, can we do to prevent such crimes?

I worked hard trying to get the answers to those questions, but they are not easily found. These boys, but for one of them, were not habitual criminals. They were not prompted by the various provocations of a race riot. Four of them were 14 and with no prior record of any sort. Three had records of minor school truancy or, on one occasion, dime-store pilfering. One boy at 15 was a tough, hardened product of seven years of various institutional confinements. None of them were psychotic, none helplessly impulsive or with badly damaged brains. In all honesty I can make no psychiatric distinction between these youths and millions of others. Seven of them qualify as everyman, so long as we mean by that "everyman" one who lives in a Negro slum. The eighth has company in thousands of deeply troubled, aggressive delinquents, white and Negro, oppressing our streets, courts, clinics and detention homes all over the land.

What we can certainly affirm is that in a moment of boredom given the confrontation of the ghetto and their lives in it with a vulnerable, incomprehensible white man (he was old and confused; he asked them for directions, but spoke indistinctly; they asked him for money and he was reluctant before they hit him

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and still so afterwards), those boys became violent, murderous, or at best indifferent to the spectacle of an atrocious crime. That much said, we can either hasten to have all of them locked up and use the metal in the keys for some stockpile in case of invasion, or we can learn a few lessons from the lives of those youths.

I talked with their parents, visiting their homes and neighborhood streets. In so doing, casual facts routinely gathered by any doctor taking a thorough history, or routinely listed by any social scientist reciting the causes of violence in our slums, became an unnerving, a dismaying, yet an instructive experience. What struck me in these particular families is what I've continually observed in Negro families of both the urban and rural poor: Christian morality espoused and enforced with a desperate intensity and conviction, and a kind of social and economic existence so disorganized and severe as to be immoral at the very least. We are so accustomed to hearing the rhetoric of those who decry "leniency" with delinquents that we forget or are basically uninformed about how stern and even cruelly moralistic the parents of many of these children are.

Most young Negro children have the double inheritance of poverty and biblical exhortation. Yet almost daily we hear that our streets are unsafe, we walking them are unsafe because of the untamed Negro youths who have seized control of them, and that what these people need is control, from without and within – discipline, a sense of righteousness, a spirit encouraging initiative in their homes, and heavily enforced law and order on their streets.

Yet Negro children probably receive more punitively enforced reminders of what is right and wrong than any segment of our population. Their mothers, their grandmothers, urge upon them obedience to God's commandments and society's laws and customs with a zeal, a dogmatism, a fearful rigidity which would encourage the hearts and fire the souls of our most dedicated believers in firmly whipped children.

Betrayed by Reality

Baldwin described it in *his* childhood; the *Cool World* pictured it accurately; the letters of the parents of these youths revealed it; and any careful observer can see it for himself: strict parents desperately trying to establish one kind of childhood, hence one kind of life for their boys and girls, only to have their efforts betrayed by the reality of life as it slowly but pitilessly enters the home, teaching the child to see his parents and neighborhood in the grim light of their true condition. The problem is not simply one of lapsed standards or uninstructed children; it is one of disenchantment.

Parents preach, and children with the natural vitality of their first decade listen. Soon, all too soon, at 10, at 12 or 14 urban death or rural degradation takes them. Growing awareness brings feelings of humiliation. Growing needs reveal the cramped frustration of life. Infants and young children can be taught goodness and compliance, but such lessons do not stick fast to youths in search of jobs not to be had, and dignity constantly refused.

Those eight young men – they seemed at 14 so very grown, cynical and worldly – had all experienced correctly religious childhoods. The repeated offender among them had gone awry at seven, an age at which the Bible, not the corrupting forbearance of social workers and doctors, would ask us to extend some charity toward him. In our time, charity frequently takes the form of quick evaluations from the harried staff of an overcrowded "institution." The boy is declared in need of help, and often the help is declared unavailable. From then on, the descent: episode after episode of tantrums, outrages to parents and teachers, petty thievery, and desecration of the flimsy hovels generously called "property" in those legal briefs. Each episode produces the sullen appearance in court, the judges and lawyers embarrassed at the awesome capacity of a child of nine or ten to defy their decent assumptions about the nature of children, the consequent charitable and sophisticated commitment of the child for "study and treatment."

I've worked in some of those centers, received those children from court officers. What such youthful offenders need is the time and understanding of skilled people – doctors, nurses, social workers, probation officers – *and* the leverage which a social democracy would offer such a staff as well as their young charges: jobs to be found for those treated or followed; decent homes and schools present upon the child's discharge, with parents unburdened and teachers unconfused by their society. Let me tell you, futility can strike courts and hospitals as well as the poor. What, after all, is the use of trying when personal effort seems inconsequential in the face of public apathy or outright, mindless antagonism?

I recently attended a meeting of about 25 child psychiatrists assembled for the purpose of "planning psychiatric services for children." For two days I heard those distinguished clinicians from all over the country struggle with the problems of their profession and of meeting the enormous demands placed on them by our cities and states. A leading psychoanalyst, a fine woman from New York City who has given years to the problems of underprivileged children, explained what she called "continuity of care." We have a "continuity of psychopathology" which follows our failure to offer adequate or continued care. When a child is placed in a poorly staffed, overcrowded shelter instead of a decent home; when he is shuttled about from agency to agency or, later, from inadequate school to

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inadequate medical clinic to inadequate vocational employment center, he develops, at each turn, symptoms of anxiety, despair, rage and, finally, socially troublesome behavior, which means that all those feelings come to their boiling point. It's as if each inadequacy in the society sets the stage for each psychological distortion in the child.

Knowing such facts, what is to be done? One way to deal with these problems is to keep them forcibly out of sight and out of mind. For long stretches of time we have done just that. In periods of "retrenchment," little public notice is given our poor and their spells of violence. Police power is brought to bear, and the nation's attention is held by other worries.

Since much of the violence we now feel so acutely has always been about, what marks our time, hopefully, is that we are looking at it and taking on its challenge. Freedom has its trials for those who offer it as well as those who finally obtain it: expression of once concealed resentment in the latter often precedes gratitude to the former.

How They Fool Themselves

I've been writing this in Mississippi, where we are told – those of us who are white – that the state has just about the lowest crime rate in America. None of those Harlem riots occur here, and those boys in Boston, I am sure, would never have dared attack that white man so gratuitously. Their deed was an awful one, and thanks be to a sovereign state whose laws and policies might have prevented it. Yet gratitude cannot be an excuse for blindness. Mississippi will have no truck with most expressions of Negro bitterness or complaints from them about their lot. When a society defines crime selectively and allows one kind of violence (white) and ruthlessly forbids another (Negro) it may emerge jubilant with statistics but fool only its determined admirers.

But what of those boys in Boston, and the thousands like them in Harlem, Chicago's South Side, Los Angeles? What of those like them in the South? In the South I have talked with enough segregationists, listened to their fantasies long enough, to learn that they know somewhere, "deep down," the violence felt by the violated, the rage their policies produce in people and at the same time force them to hide. No wonder they fear the Negro's freedom. I suppose there is a touch of their fear, their guilt, their confusion in all of us. There is a lot of racial violence at hand, and a lot of similarly caused kinds, still random and unorganized, among poor white people in Appalachia or in our city slums. Along with an expanding program to combat poverty we need a host of measures that would deal with the aimless, hoody youths, the nervous and defensive police, our burdened courts and the cruelly-taxed social agencies.

I wrote and swore affidavits for seven of those eight youths in Boston, and declared – out of no sentimental ignorance – that they *could* be rehabilitated. To do so would require confining them, controlling them, watching them, talking with them, studying their past and learning about their present and working with them toward some future for themselves. I shudder at the cost, financial, social and moral if they, and the many like them in this country, are *not* rehabilitated. Yet some consider it more appropriate that they only be locked up.

I would have gone further, would have signed an affidavit for the eighth boy, too. But I knew in my heart that his case was impossible, not on the basis of what we know, but what we are unlikely to do – bring to bear on him close, personal supervision and control, a kind of skilled treatment which has worked with others like him but requires much of what our world has so far said it cannot offer boys like him.

The facts are that some of the very best work now being done with such ungovernable youth is by the Bureau of Prisons, a part of the Department of Justice. Amid cries of less federal "interference" in the affairs of the states, and more action to avert violence on our streets, state after state is thankful for the federal prison system, for its excellent work and research in the rehabilitation of some of our most difficult criminals. These states gladly surrender their option in crimes which are both state and federal. After a recent visit with several officials in the Bureau of Prisons, I know some of the reasons why: their pre-release guidance program; their intelligent use of half-way houses; their advocacy of youth rehabilitation through subsidized community service projects and "residence homes." With some exposure, in the course of my work, to prisons both in the North and South, I am sure that from the prisoners' view, and presumably the public's, it might be well, with some exceptions, if our entire prison system were federally operated. (It is, by the way, unfortunate that some of Robert Kennedy's finest work in the Justice Department, his concern with delinquent youth and effort for programs in their behalf, has often been overlooked in the attention given his other roles as Attorney General.)

What is *not* needed is panicky retreat into single-minded repression. In fact, it has probably come to the point now that if we allow the feverish political slogans of some to be consolidated into a national policy of such repression, without attention to the causes and remedies of the trouble, the abandonment of our form of political democracy may be the price to be paid for curbing certain forms of slum protest, turmoil and disorder.

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"Negro Riots Will Go on, Unless . . ."

Since the civil rights bill passed, Negro leaders have been groping for something to ease mounting Negro frustration over problems the bill does not reach. They themselves are frustrated by their lack of rapport with Negro workers.

Bayard Rustin, organizer of last year's March on Washington and this year's New York City school boycotts, says frustration among Northern Negroes has grown because the Civil Rights Act has little practical application in the North. "Many of the rioting youths in Harlem were determined to make disorder because they felt nothing could help them. They are the ones nobody could influence. They don't belong to any Negro organization. They are the subclass of a subclass. Such riots will go on until there is some kind of accommodation on issues like jobs, housing and the way police deal with people."

Rustin is now cool to demonstrations in the big cities. "There is nothing sacred about a demonstration; only the right to hold one is sacred. It is fine if you want to call attention to a grievance. But this year, the more school boycotts we had, the less we got. With the more difficult economic problems, demonstrations are inadequate. No amount of screaming in front of city hall can get the jobs, the housing, the education we need. What is required is a vast political force capable of pushing for vast reforms."

But John Lewis, head of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), which is concentrating on helping Negroes in Mississippi, thinks the Negro leadership's call in July for a temporary moratorium on demonstrations was a "tactical error if it meant giving up the most dramatic lever we have. Orderly, organized demonstrations are still necessary. In the South, it is a demonstration when hundreds of Negroes line up to register. In the North, when people feel they are pushed up against the wall, peaceful demonstrations can be an outlet. If people aren't allowed to demonstrate, there will be more riots." Then he added: "A lot of us are afraid, though, that whatever we do at this time could play into the hands of Goldwater." SNCC's present plans call for no mass demonstrations but for more Negro registration efforts in Mississippi, Southwest Georgia, Central Alabama and Arkansas.

Only the Congress of Racial Equality completely rejected the Negro leadership's moratorium plea. National CORE Director James Farmer explained later, "We're simply not instructing our 175 chapters to refrain from demonstrating. We are not talking about riots. Demonstrations are planned, disciplined, nonviolent. In fact, directed demonstrations tend to prevent riots. Last year, the jobless in Harlem got on picket lines to protest bias in the building trades; there were no large riots. This summer, many of these people had no constructive outlet for their frustration. Orderly demonstrations are still necessary to spotlight grievances. We have got more dialogue with officials on New York's problems with the boycotts than before.

"We think riots *can* be prevented. In Chicago this summer we have had a pilot project of 35 CORE members organizing work squadrons in some of the ghettoes [not Dixmoor]. They got volunteers to clean up vacant lots and rehabilitate slum houses and then parade to city hall petitioning for a public-works program. In Harlem we have been contacting potential rioters. We are organizing ice-cream-and-cake parties on various blocks. We are talking to the people about their grievances and are encouraging them to register to vote. In the past the civil rights movement has made a big mistake by largely ignoring the lower classes in the cities."

Roy Wilkins, executive secretary of the NAACP, thinks the race situation "far ahead of where we were last year, in law and in psychology, even though the Negro's actual progress – in school desegregation, in getting new housing, in getting decent jobs – has been remarkably slow." But he adds: "Goldwater talked about not wanting racism brought into the campaign. Well, racism has been dragged in by the heels and flung all over the landscape." And Whitney M. Young Jr., executive director of the National Urban League, says Negro leaders put their prestige on a limb by calling for a moratorium on demonstrations during the campaign. "We're the only ones providing any vocal opposition to the renewed racism. We don't hear anything about this from the churches, labor and the Jewish community. Why don't they speak out?" He says labor leaders have called Goldwater an opponent of the working man and the poor, but have not met the backlash head-on.

Young wants a domestic Marshall Plan, a 10-year "special effort" that will consider the Negro America's "greatest undeveloped natural resource." It would put the best schools, teachers, and health and welfare services into the slums, and consciously seek qualified Negroes for all types of jobs, including appointing qualified Negroes to "all public and private boards and commissions, particularly those that shape policy in the areas of employment, housing, education, and health and welfare services."

The Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. proposed to the Democratic Platform Committee a $50 billion, 10-year "Bill of Rights for the Disadvantaged," named after the old GI bills. Dr. King said, "My bill would be for our veterans of the long siege of denial – the 9.3 million families, white and Negro, who earn less than $3,000 a year." They would be given direct federal payments to make up their earnings to $3,000.

SUSANNA MCBEE

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Death In Venice, Cal.

by Stanley Kauffmann

Thomas Mann said, "Only where the 'I' is a problem is there any sense in writing." The opening lines of Christopher Isherwood's new novella are:

> "Waking up begins with saying *am* and *now*. That which has awoken then lies for a while staring up at the ceiling and down into itself until it has recognized *I*, and therefrom deduced *I am, I am now.*"

Herr Issyvoo does not appear by name in this new book, but the "I" is no less important than in *Goodbye to Berlin* or in *Prater Violet*, or in the fictions where he is given another name, and is important in a sense perhaps a little different from what Mann intended; for in Isherwood the author has not only tried always to understand himself as matrix of all the characters and themes, he has also often used himself as protagonist, sometimes slightly disguised. "I" has generally been much more than a camera.

A Single Man
by Christopher Isherwood
(Simon & Schuster; $4)

The mention of Mann is in another way apropos because the new book has some reminders of *Death in Venice*. George is a teacher of English at a southern California college, not a famous author; a settled and experienced homosexual, not an unconsciously repressed one. But, like von Aschenbach, he is, without knowing it, approaching death; this short novel anatomizes his thoughts on thought itself and on art, his quintessential life and his reactions to the living, his isolation and accommodations. Like von Aschenbach, too, his last real look at life is into the eyes of a vigorous youth. *Death in Venice, Cal.* would be an accurate title almost literally – and, figuratively, even more accurate.

This is not to suggest remotely that the two books are on the same level. Isherwood's work is notably imperfect; but it inhabits the same, still air hunted by mortal limitations, it floats on a stream of enjoyable reflective melancholy. Von Aschenbach's tragedy, at its barest, is that this disciplined and concentrated man has never really known all of himself; discovery of disorder and of the demonic in himself releases, frightens, narcotizes, kills him. George's tragedy is that he knows himself so bitterly well that he knows his life is no tragedy: just one more intelligent, unfulfilled life.

A Single Man takes place in a single day. We rise with George, an expatriate Englishman, in his home that is five minutes' walk from the Pacific. We accompany him as he breakfasts; mourns yet again his dead male lover; goes to the john; drives to college (with the peculiar personal-attribute quality of California driving); teaches a class and expounds some of his moderately provocative ideas; chats with students; has lunch and chats with faculty; visits, in the hospital, the cancerous and dying woman who latterly shared his lover; works out at a gym; dines drunkenly with a divorced Englishwoman who wants to return to the old country with him and open a country inn; runs into a young student of his in a bar; goes for a nude swim with him; brings the boy home for a drink and offers him facilities for his love affair with a girl (while we know, even without his thinking so, that George is considering his own prospects); then retires, never to rise.

Thus this day includes work and rest; the past, the present, the future; exultation of the body, exaltation of the mind; emotions that range from nobility and desolate grief to viciousness and lecherousness. The only obvious omission is a sexual act. We feel that this has been left out to keep the cross-section from being too complete. Nevertheless the book does not escape completely the quality of a ledger, an account. Through much of the story we wonder why this particular day has been selected for scrutiny; after the death a retrospective light makes it symbolically representative. Then the day assumes additional importance, but it also fragments into a collection of samples. (In fact Isherwood is so conscious of the possible patness of the ending that he tries to mask it as a *supposition* of death.)

Prater Violet, in my view, is one of the best short novels in English written in this century, a miracle of substance in small compass, a feat of legerdemain that plunges the reader into densities of life almost before he knows the book has begun – or has finished. Isherwood's next two novels are unmistakably the work of the same delicately apprehensive author, but for all their seeming ease of manner, they are synthetic, somewhat affected, thin. To state the faults of those books is, by indirection, to state the virtues of the new one, which, although it is certainly not as fine as *Prater Violet*, is organic, well-composed, resonant.

At the end of *Prater Violet*, Isherwood the author wrote, twenty years ago, of Isherwood the protagonist eleven years before:

> "Perhaps I might have turned to Bergmann and asked, 'Who are you? Who am I? What are we doing here?' But actors cannot ask such questions during the performance."

George, his present hero, senses that, in important ways, the performance is over and now he can ask: ask himself, at any rate. He knows the curtain is descending because he knows he no longer has any hope, and this knowledge puts everything in a different aspect – especially and most humorously,

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his job of teaching English literature. At the college he feels

> "... like a man trying to sell a real diamond for a nickel, on the street. The diamond is protected from all but the tiniest few, because the great hurrying majority can never stop to dare to believe that it could conceivably be real."

George, not yet dead, is no longer alive: an exile tired of loathing the vulgarities of his Hollywood environment, who loathes equally the Travel Association memories of Britain that his friend Charlotte treasures; and, indeed, is no more an exile essentially than any man of sensibility faced with a world for which he is increasingly unequipped. The real diamond is ignored in a society that can make flashier ones for less. Not that there is no one left who sees the beauty of the real diamond. There are some who can see it (this is the last horror), who weigh its beauty against contemporary values, and who refuse to lose out in their world just because they have perceptions. But George's perceptions are all he has. There is no future for him, he knows, only a Now, and in that Now only a hunger for sex and company which – as homosexuals seem to do even more than others – he insists on calling "love," whether or not it deserves that dignity.

It is thus a sad story, kept from being a thoroughly moving one because, for one reason, we have a consciousness of its *intent* to be sad. There is from the first page a transparency of emotional purpose, a patent seduction of our response to *tristesse*. Unlike *Prater Violet* (not to mention Mann's novella), this time we watch the legerdemain from behind; the skills certainly still exist, but we are conscious of their operation. The other characters, almost inevitably in a short "journey" novel of this sort, are less people than stations of the cross on George's *via dolorosa*. Also, the prose, though clear and easy, lacks the fineness of the earlier days. For example, the phrase "the tiniest few" and the successive infinitives, in the passage last quoted, would have been unlikely in earlier Isherwood. This small flabbiness of texture, like a good-looking man gone a bit boozily fat, combined with the neat schema, results in a slightly heavy-handed job of heart-tugging, even though our hearts are eventually tugged. His observation is keen, his distillations sting, but we sense throughout a somewhat too-great reliance on our agreement and surrender.

Fundamentally there seems in Isherwood's later fiction, despite those effects that it makes, a failure in pertinence, a vagueness of contact and embrace. "Experience isn't any *use*," cries George. It is a double-edged remark. He is expostulating with a student about the futility of asking advice, but he seems to be speaking of himself, of the inability to make life grow, day upon day. One feels in these later books an attempt to keep from drifting away; Isherwood never loses sight of life but it seems sometimes out of reach. An effort to beat off bloodlessness, how-

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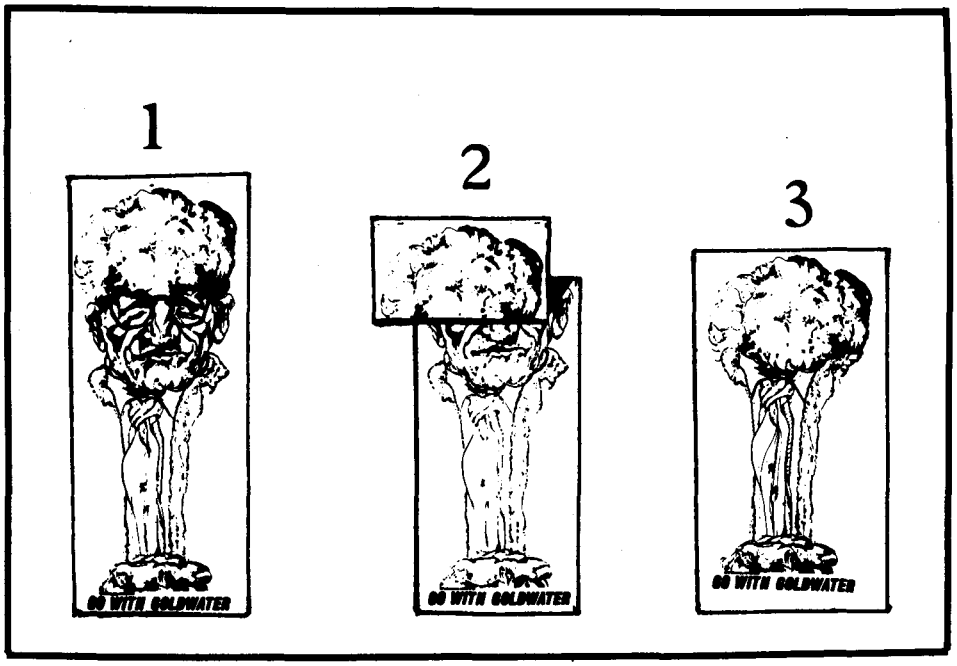

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ever strenuous, is not the equivalent of vitality, and the latter-day Isherwood has seemed unwillingly remote. Stephen Spender, writing in this journal of the last Isherwood novel (*Down There On A Visit*), said:

> "The chief fault which he describes in his own character – namely, that he is only 'down here on a visit' – easily becomes confused with limitations in the novel."

This book cuts closer than the last two because, although one hopes it is not a swan song, it has the extra pathos of one. It holds us because it runs parallel with the truth of our lives, but like any parallel, it keeps a certain distance.

The Anatomy of Quackery

by Gerald W. Johnson

This book should really be entitled – with a side glance at Burton – *The Anatomy of Quackery*. It is a detailed account of the battle to get through Congress a law forbidding the custom of poisoning for profit by certain drug companies in cahoots with quack doctors who apparently would swear to anything for a ten-dollar bill.

The book is essentially a tribute to the late Senator Estes Kefauver, who led the fight for four long years; but in fact the Senator owed his victory to 7,000 deformed babies, some born without arms, some without legs, because their mothers during pregnancy, had taken a sleeping pill containing thalidomide, a drug that has appalling effects on the fetus. The shock of that revelation suddenly gave Kefauver the tremendous public support that alone could beat down the tremendous lobby opposing the bill. The battle was won, but at what a price!

Richard Harris observed the fight almost from its inception as a reporter for *The New Yorker*, and in the two years since it ended he has assiduously filled in the gaps on his information, with some assistance from Senator Kefauver before his death, but largely from examination of the public records. It is interesting to note that the first big break came through the work of another newspaper man, John Lear, of *The Saturday Review*, who in the beginning was interested primarily in the prices charged for the new drugs, which he suspected were extortionate. That was the line that Kefauver took in the beginning. It was when he discovered that some manufacturers were setting a mark-up of 7000 percent on their products that he began to investigate in a big way. It was only by slow degrees that he discovered not only that the prices were scandalous, but that the products were often not what their sellers claimed, and in a few cases dangerous to health and even to life.

Yet the impact of this book is not in its account of the revelations, but of the furious and often utterly unscrupulous opposition the investigation encountered. The pharmaceutical industry is big business with incalculable millions at its command, and unlimited money gives it an influence that reaches into the highest of high quarters. Certain independent and very eminent doctors and pharmacologists gave Kefauver invaluable aid; but the record of the American Medical Association in this fight is anything but creditable.

This is what gives the book its real jolt. In every walk of life there is a percentage of crooks, so it is no real surprise to learn that a business as profitable as the manufacture of drugs has been infiltrated by persons who will not hesitate to dispense poisons if the profit is large enough, and even more who will describe worthless nostrums as miracle-workers. What is really appalling is to discover that the American Medical Association left it

The Real Voice
by Richard Harris
(Macmillan; $4.95)

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to a Tennessee politician to expose this infamy and, indeed, resented rather than assisted his investigation.

Harris is exceedingly careful to avoid any blanket denunciation of the doctors, but the facts speak for themselves. The undeniable record of the fight against enactment of the drug bill is more eloquent than any commentator could be.

His obvious indignation over the evasive and quibbling course of the White House is less convincing. In every administration the Palace Guard includes some small-minded and foolish fellows whose activities embarrass and sometimes seriously handicap the President. The Kennedy administration was no exception, as witness the silly effort to smear Adlai Stevenson. Undoubtedly Kefauver had the attention of some switch-blade wielders around the White House, but it does not necessarily follow that President Kennedy instigated them or even knew what they were doing.

No, the embarrassing revelations in this book are not those that relate to the White House, or even to the run-of-the-mine politicians in Washington but, mainly, those that touch the crooked pill-peddlers and, after them, the medical profession that appears as a woefully ineffective guardian against the poisoners, and no defense at all against the extortioners.

Topic Number One

by Joseph Epstein

Race has been called Topic Number One, and today Topic Number One it rightly and undeniably is. Not everywhere, however. In the South the unburkeable issue is also Topic Numbers Two, Three, Four and Five, *ad infinitum*. Inquire, for example, of yesterday's baseball scores and there is every good chance the conversation will end up with your being asked if you would want your daughter to marry Willie Mays. The problem is not now, as it once was, that Southerners refuse to talk about the subject; it is that the level of their discourse is so irretrievably low.

A Look Down the Lonesome Road
by Ralph Creger
(Doubleday; $4.50)
The Siege of Harlem
by Warren Miller
(McGraw-Hill; $3.95)

Just how low it is one gets a pretty firm idea from Ralph Creger's *A Look Down the Lonesome Road*, an account of one Northerner's experiences in the South. A train dispatcher by profession and an Iowan by birth and upbringing, Mr. Creger was transferred by his employer, the Rock Island Railroad, to Little Rock in 1955. He was thus around for the disgraceful days at Central High in 1957 and, apparently, is still around today. For Arkansas, he has pronounced, even extreme, views on race. Essentially, his message is much the same, though a good deal less concisely put, as that of the late Earl Long. "You got to recognize," the Governor once told the Louisiana Legislature, "that *niggers* is human beings." Rather a rudimentary notion for the mid-20th Century one would have thought, and yet when enunciated by Long it led to investigations to ascertain his madness. Arkansas, though, is not Louisiana. In Little Rock Mr. Creger, to judge from his own account, is generally taken merely as a kook.

A Look Down the Lonesome Road is a very sincere book, which is, I suppose, another way of saying that it is very badly written. Although put together with the help of a professional journalist – a Mr. Erwin Macdonald, editor of *The Arkansas Baptist Newsmagazine* – it abounds in vulgarisms, solecisms, and generous swatches of plain ugly writing. More annoying is its tone of genial stuffiness. Creger is continually quoting the Bible in what can only be described as a proprietary manner. He can write a sentence like, "I am an exponent of the idea that evil means should never be used to acquire just ends" as if the thought were original with him. At one

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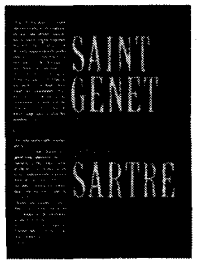

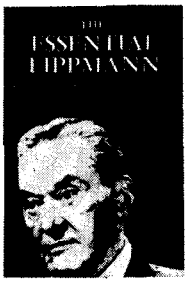

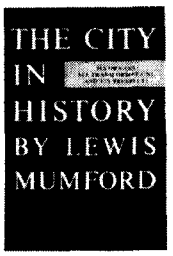

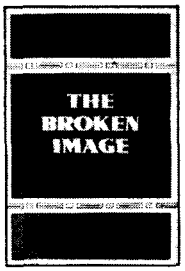

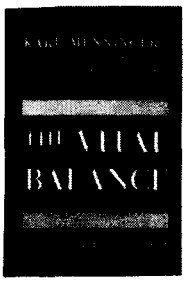

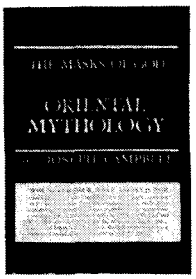

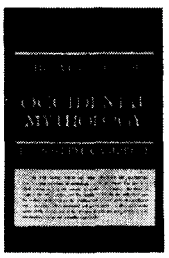

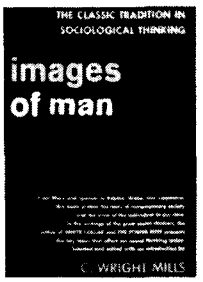

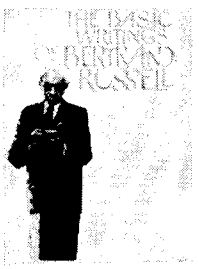

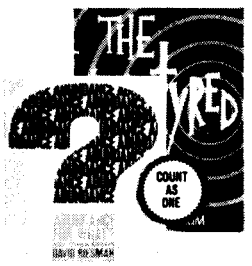

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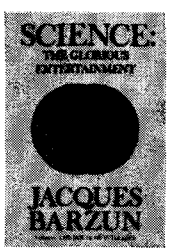

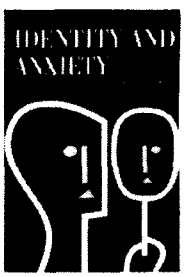

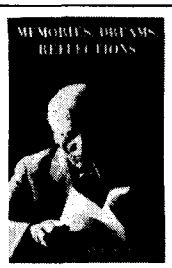

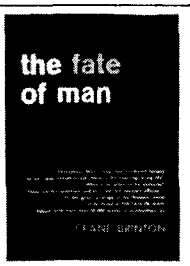

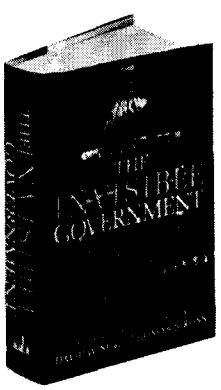

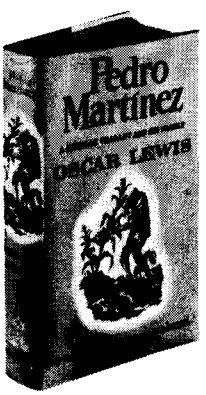

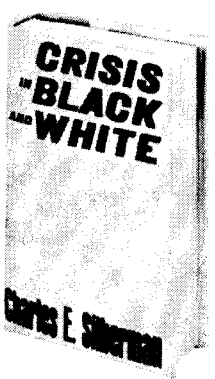

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point he mentions that he has never had sexual relations with a Negro – "interracial sex," he calls it – a fact which he sees as giving him a moral edge over the segregationists he is unceasingly trying to bring around. Better perhaps to have chalked it up to a quiet sex life and let it go at that.

Still, Ralph Creger genuinely despises racial prejudice. He serves on human relations councils and writes articles and letters-to-the-editor forthrightly condemning segregation. He brooks no racist remark or innuendo to pass in silence – in a state where answering them all is practically a full-time job in itself. He counsels Negro students at Central High, and even saw to it that one of them, a girl named Gloria Nelson, was enabled to go on to college. One can almost forgive the unrelievedly long passages of preachiness in his book – two of whose chapters are entitled, respectively, "Sermons I'd Preach" and "Sermons I'd Borrow" – for the pleasure of watching him, with the authority available only to an obviously religious man, break a vase over the heads of Little Rock's ministers for their cowardly conduct now and especially during the city's crisis years.

The ultimate effect of *A Look Down the Lonesome Road*, however, is not one of shared loneliness or of admiration for Creger's courage and perseverance. It is, indeed, much drearier than either. Let me illustrate. The subtitle of Creger's book being "What a liberal living amid segregationists can do, say and accomplish," its author has included a chapter entitled "What Can We Answer?" in which he has anticipated questions from racists which a liberal should be prepared to counter. Among these questions are: "Negroes have thick lips and wide noses. Doesn't this prove they descended from apes?" And: "How about the trouble in the Congo? Isn't this proof of the Negroes' barbarism?"

Somehow one is rather less impressed with Creger's clever parries, both witty and doctrinal, than with the fact that such asinine questions are still being asked. That they are still being asked is not, of course, Creger's fault. And yet in a strange way, perhaps without quite being aware of it himself, he has been subverted by his Southern environment. Need one really invoke the Bible against utterly silly and usually disingenuous segregationist arguments? Aren't some truths, after all, self-evident? As a Negro in the year 1964 I think I should be other than elated to learn that the proof of my humanity hangs on so frail a point as Matthew 18:4-6 or some other shred of scripture.

But then *A Look Down the Lonesome Road* is not addressed to Negroes in 1964. It is, in its author's own words, "a liberal's handbook designed to help the non-expert to be effective in trying to 'Win Moderates' (to more positive action) and to 'Influence Segregationists' (to become moderates)." Yet it is perhaps well to point out that in the South today a man who calls himself a moderate expresses "moderate" misgivings about the killing of the three civil-rights workers in Mississippi, but insists, first and foremost, the whole thing need never have happened if those boys had only minded their own business. This is the position to which Creger is still engaged in winning his neighbors. The road, it would appear, is not merely lonesome but long – longer, certainly, than most Negroes are prepared to travel.

If Ralph Creger makes ripples, not waves, Warren Miller's contribution to Topic Number One, a short novel entitled *The Siege of Harlem*, bespeaks a typhoon. It is set sometime in the future; all that is known of its place in time is that it is roughly two generations after Harlem, out of desperation, has sounded the call to Negroes all over the country, seceded from the United States, and declared itself a separate nation. The novel relates the story of the new nation's difficult first year of Independence. It is a tale told by a Negro grandfather, one of the three living members of the Veterans of the First Day Lodge, to his grandchildren.

In an oddly affecting monologue delivered in the style of a mildly hipster Uncle Remus, the old man recounts the attempts of the Privileged People to undo the young country, the goings-on at the Black House, the action at the now renamed Luthuli Drive and Robeson Boulevard, and even the agitprop broadcast at the time over Harlem's Station WEB DuBois and America's Radio Free Harlem. The children – who have heard their grandfather's story enough times to cue him and prod him on, when he tires or digresses – are named Ahmed, Jomo, Nkrumah, Mboya, Sekou, Shabad, Kenyatta and Ngomo. But it is the old gentleman who does all the talking.

What plot the book has – such as it is, it concerns a love triangle – is trivial in the extreme. If possible, Miller seems even less interested in it than his readers are likely to be. What does interest him, and what are not in the least trivial, are the marvelous openings his prose cartoon of a pacific black society give him to look at his own, white society, through the eyes of a becalmed old civil-rights warrior. Here, for example, is the old man pridefully telling his grandchildren about the conduct of Harlem's militia:

> "They faced the soldiers of the Privileged People all along the line and never once flinched and never one of them went over to the other side, though tempting offers were made

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at all times – a free trip to Miami; a color teevee set; a complete set of forty copper-bottomed pots and pans; an electric swizzle stick; a lifetime subscription to *House & Garden* magazine – and though there was ample talk in their newspapers about people voting with their feet and all. Maybe there were a few, for there is always some, but not one solitary voter came from our militia."

After describing a full-scale battle at 100th Street and Fifth Avenue, the old gent notes:

"And as you know this wasn't the last time the Privileged People strove to break us by means of direct assault. As far as they are officially concerned we did not exist, but they still wanted to get rid of us in the worst way. It must be eerie for them, it must upset their heads, knowing we are here and trying to pretend we're not. Or I don't know; maybe it's easy for them once they get used to it. It must be so for otherwise they'd have recognized us by now and admitted we got a claim to a piece of this earth, for they always do what's easiest."

Lopsided, vastly out of proportion to reality, a grotesquerie of the truth – but containing just enough of it to sting.

Everywhere in the novel there is an ingenious laying on of detail: Washington, D. C. Rose broadcasts propaganda into Harlem nightly at seven (Eastern Standard Colored Time); since Columbia and City College fall within the new nation's boundaries they are allowed to remain by offering extensive courses in African history and culture; at a bar where their efforts are especially appreciated, the militiamen are given *carte noire*.

At a particularly trying moment for his nation in *The Siege of Harlem*, the Prime Minister and hero of the novel asks: "Is man unequal to manhood?" In Ralph Creger's part of the country, a man watching pickets, boycotts, and demonstrations on television, asks, in good faith: "Now they've got their civil-rights bill, why don't they lay off?" Which of the two, one begins to wonder, really inhabits a fantasy world?

Down By the New Red Mill

by Leon Lipson

Suppose you were to go to the Soviet Union in the hope of learning something about the lives of the common, "little" man. You have reason to mistrust what the rulers of the country let appear in books, magazines, newspapers, on the stage or screen. You have other reasons for being less than satisfied with what the foreign diplomats and correspondents tell you, even in the absence of formal prior censorship and even off the record. Where can you find a slice of Soviet life uncolored by the officially provided spectacles and unaffected by your own presence?

Justice in Moscow
by George Feifer
(Simon & Schuster; $5.95)

George Feifer, an American graduate student studying law in the exchange program in 1961-62, gave it the old college try. He went to the Moscow courts to look at trial procedure; he stayed for an "exposure to Soviet working-class life that a foreigner can get nowhere else."

The bulk of his book is given over to the parade of criminal cases in lower courts in Moscow. They range from murder, rape, and robbery, through hooliganism, reckless driving, and minor assault, to speculation, swindling, graft on a small and large scale, and violation of the internal passport regulations. Civil causes, more briefly treated, include chiefly disputes over dwelling space (down to the nearest centimeter), suits for reinstatement in position, and cases of divorce, alimony, or support and maintenance. Along the way we are introduced to several types

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of courts, as well as to the functions and persons of judges, procurators, investigators, defense counsel, lay assessors, civic accusers and defenders. Plugged ino the reportage are bits of information on the Soviet legal system, the Soviet theories of law and justice, and comparisons between Moscow and (say) New York.

The case studies consist largely of direct quotation of well recorded dialogue. Feifer catches the didactic tone of the judges and prosecutors, with their frequent invocation of religious tenets (the cult-word is "Soviet" but the themes and timbre are more religious than patriotic); the informal, matter-of-fact, pomp-less, but unequal atmosphere; the stress on salvation by Work; the domination of the proceedings by the judge. He has noted the pressure put on defendants to express remorse, and the defensive grin with which they shield themselves from Authority. (At several sessions of regular courts and Comrades' Courts in Moscow in 1963, I heard procurators and civic accusers berate defendants for the Grin, "which shows that you are not taking this proceeding seriously and that you have a bad attitude toward this Court.") He has heard a prosecutor say, in the syntax used for threats in classic Stalinist prose, "Either the spectators will remember where they are or we will throw them out."

The big statements made in the book are less convincing than the accumulation of detail, often presented without explicit comment. Some of the best observations are made as throwaway lines. Thus a discussion of the lay civic accusers and defenders, who represent interested "collectives" with orations in criminal cases and are acclaimed by official literature as forerunners of the day when justice will be turned over to the public, is followed by the quiet comment, "Judges are not conspicuously attentive when these standardized opinions are offered." A lawyer whose client's version of a dispute is favored in a fraudulent newspaper story objects to testimony the other way: "If we are going to listen to testimony which tries to contradict *Moskovskaya Pravda*, I must protest. Our press deals in facts." (The judge overruled that objection.)

But a courtroom is not only a theater. It is also a gallery where pictures of life outside the courtroom are painted by the witnesses and the speeches of counsel. We are treated to several items of Socialist Realism. A factory worker, defending himself against charges after a shop-mate has been killed by negligently - adjusted machinery, explains that the repairs had been made in a hurry because the factory was in *shturmovshchina*, the customary drive at the end of the month to fill the quotas of production, which is supposed to be on the way out. A clerk in a village food shop gets into trouble when the inspectors in a surprise visit find a shortage in the till; she had "borrowed" the price of a coat, with her supervisor's consent, because a new shipment had just gone on sale down the street and she did not dare take the time to fetch the cash from home, twenty minutes away, lest the coats be sold out within forty minutes. A customer in a queue for Polish raincoats pays a "speculator" near the head of the queue three rubles to give up his place, because as the 465th customer in line he fears that he will waste the whole afternoon.

Feifer kept his senses wide open. He evokes vividly the look of a Moscow courtroom, the bedraggled crowds in the corridors, the occasionally confused or dozing assessors; he has smelled, and can report, the mixed odor of "pomade, strong tobacco, and uncleaned wool" that pervades the buildings. Here and there his vignettes of characters met seem to strain for color (a woman judge is "an overripe cherub in scarlet lipstick"), but more often they are swift and apt: a young court secretary, "lips reddened and voice already thickened with *burokratism*," or a judge, "a ponderous man who plays with his words and his fingers," or the average procurator, "a thickset, squarish, officious man (or woman) whose brief-case is stuffed with lunch and who forgets to hold the door open for the person behind him."

It would be uncharitable to suppose that these pictures are displayed through want of charity on the part of the author. He tries hard, even desperately, to be fair. More than that: it is

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very clear from his description that he likes people, and it is pretty clear from his account of his own conversations that people like him.

The effort to be fair leads to some comparisons that are more facile than accurate. The faults of proceedings under the anti-parasite law of May 4, 1961 are not really very similar to those of security hearings or deportation proceedings in the United States, and not much more is communicated by the comparison than undigested "liberalism." In noting the various measures taken to suppress speculation and graft Feifer refers to the peculation that accompanied wartime shortages in the United States; that is a useful start, which might have been pursued without much risk of false analogy. To an American observer there are aspects of Soviet society that can remind him not only of the days when many things were in short supply but also of other times and other situations. Part of Soviet life will stand comparison with American life as it was lived a hundred years ago. Another part resembles the civil-rights headlines. Still another part reminds one of a military environment, extended to civil life: the way material well-being depends on rank and status more than on monetary wealth; the doctrine that is at once a test, a signal, and a guide for the advancing elite; the explicit commitment to authoritatively defined goals; the feeling that even when one is At Ease there is someone very close at hand who will soon bark Attention.

Contrast can mislead, also. Like other observers, Feifer has noted with approval the relative simplicity and informality of Soviet court procedure. Though he is aware of the risks of abuse and injustice, some instances of which he reports, he finds a refreshing difference between Soviet ways and the artificial majesty lent to some other courts by robes, wigs, archaic forms of speech, ancient courtesies. He neglects, it may be, the value of trappings; but there is a more important point. Feifer tells us, in effect, that the social distance between the authorities and the populace is smaller in the Soviet court than in an Anglo-American court. He is right; but in listening to what he tells us, we tend to assume that if the social distance is less, the political and moral distance must be correspondingly less, because in our experience they all seem to go together. In fact, the political and moral distance by which Soviet authorities, even in court, separate themselves from the people is much greater than in England or this country. The open collar of the judge, the casual disorder of the courthouse corridors, the technical crudity of the legal arguments, should not be taken for signs of rough egalitarian democracy. After all, in Stalin's time the judge's collar was as open, the courthouse corridors as disorderly, and the legal arguments even cruder.

Nowhere is this confusion more dangerous than in the discussion of the "whole man" approach. According to Soviet sources and (with variations) to Feifer, the Soviet administration of criminal justice aims at considering not merely whether the elements of a crime are present but the full personality of the defendant. The inquiry into the whole man is sometimes formally relevant to the elements themselves, sometimes reduced to the search for extenuating or aggravating circumstances, sometimes brought up at the point of sentencing, sometimes pressed for the help it can give on research into the causes of crime. Feifer's reporting shows that "whole man" questions are indeed asked by the court, and that "whole man" answers are given. What it also shows, though here again the demonstration is only implicit, is that those who ask the questions seldom seem to listen to the answers. Thus the sacrifice of precision in attention to the legally framed issues has not yet procured a compensating breadth of view. The official doctrine slowly moves beyond (though it has not yet, as Feifer suggests, discarded) the explanation that attributes Soviet crime to survivals of capitalism in consciousness; but the official impatience, the tight condescension, the hectoring demands for conformity, the tireless moralizing, may block the access of Authority to the data that their emergent theory calls for. The whole man is found wanting, but he is not weighed.

The carpentry and ornamentation of the book seem less successful than the material of which it is made. Transitions between the reports of trials and descriptive memoranda of legal provisions are sometimes halting. Feifer communicates his own attitude with more conviction where his emotions are worked into the writing than in the passages where he describes his feelings explicitly. Here and there a detail, like the shaven heads of Soviet prisoners, is repeated too insistently to make the impression that one presumes was intended. But in a law book it is a rare merit not just to be vulnerable to, but even to deserve, criticism on grounds of style. On the whole, *Justice in Moscow* is more lively, more just, and more true to life than is justice in Moscow.

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Parable of Faith

by Richard M. Elman

"Evil is human; weakness is human; indifference is not." – Elie Wiesel

Even in his literary expression the Jew remains cosmopolitan. Despite the creation of a Jewish state, the reinvigoration of the Hebrew language, writers continue to express themselves as Jews in the various tongues of the Diaspora; and their imaginations seem forever fixed on a Europe that is in ashes. In a recent *Commentary*, Isaac Bashevis Singer explained: "Demons symbolize the world for me, and by that I mean human beings and human behavior." Surely it is not accidental that this surviving Yiddish master should now be achieving world-wide recognition (including a West German nomination for the Prix Formentor) at a time when the conscience of the western world is again trying to confront the premeditated murder of six million Jews. Nor is it merely coincidence that Elie Wiesel who survived the death camps – a Yiddish speaking Jew from Hungary – should address us during this period with the French idiom of Camus. If some Christians are still testing the relevance of their faith against the proven apathies of their spiritual leaders, the Jew remains faithless and skeptical. These, indeed, are his only faiths. They are what liberate him finally from being parochial. Through his symbolic eminence as victim, the Jew has become the object of Christian atonement.

The Town Beyond the Wall
by Elie Wiesel
(Atheneum; $3.95)

Thus, to François Mauriac, a French Catholic liberal, the work of Elie Wiesel is an act of conscience. Mauriac may try to locate the Christian myth of sacrifice in the actualities of what he chooses to believe was a Jewish martyrdom, but that effort is finally tentative, acknowledged to be inadequate precisely because the Jews did not set themselves up as martyrs but were absurdly victimized. Just as the theme of guilt – corporate, collective, or personal guilt – still scars the literary imaginations of writers in Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia as well as England and France, the United States and Russia, as well as Israel, so, too, is the Final Solution still able to mock Jewish and Christian pretensions, encouraging agnosticism, reducing genuine concerns to mere crocodile tears, but managing, nevertheless, to overshadow all other human experience of the past three decades. One Jewish writer has even argued: "We live with one Auschwitz – the Auschwitz of the Jews – behind us, and another, the universal nuclear Auschwitz ahead of us. *This is a time when the Jew has something to say.*"

But, if some writers think they can reenact the prophetic vision for the rest of humankind, others may be only seeking a personal expiation with the insight that God has also perished. To such writers the ancient injunction that "out of Jerusalem will go forth the Law" may seem like naïve, provincial sloganeering. Often, their effort is just to dispel madness, to find a community among men. Still vulnerable and ambivalent, men like Wiesel (and his friend and contemporary André Schwarz Bart) continue to search for a meaning to their ordeal even as they manage to confront mere ash heaps. Their works are flawed; they may fail more often than they succeed in communicating their visions. Yet these are heroic failures, affirmations of some meaning to their search and of context. These men, who have stood in the shadows of the crematoria, cannot deliberately obliterate memory.

In Transylvania, where Elie Wiesel was born and lived until he was 15, there was no war before 1944. Some Jews endured in an ancient sacramental style of life. Others were very much the creatures of the Enlightenment. It was so even in Wiesel's family: His father was a rationalistic humanist; his mother a follower of the Hassidic wonder rabbis. Both these groups were slaughtered without distinction beginning in 1944. *Night* was Wiesel's earliest published account of the deportation experience; it was a direct statement about that historic event. *Night* was a memoire, factual, argumentative, charged with a nausea for the realities it depicted; it was a document as well as a work of literature – journalism which emerged, coincidentally, as a work of art. In a later unsuccessful work, *The Accident*, set in New York and Western Europe, such candor was shown to be a lingering misery for the protagonist – surreal and self-destructive. Now, in *The Town Beyond The Wall*, Wiesel finds both emblem and aesthetic in the Dostoevskyan vision

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HOW TO PUT THE STATES BACK IN BUSINESS
by Governor Edmund G. Brown

A governor's briefcase often holds the desperately needed answer to a national problem . . . but no way exists today to take it to Washington for a proper hearing. California's Governor Brown offers a solution that might well cut through the swirling winds of national politics.

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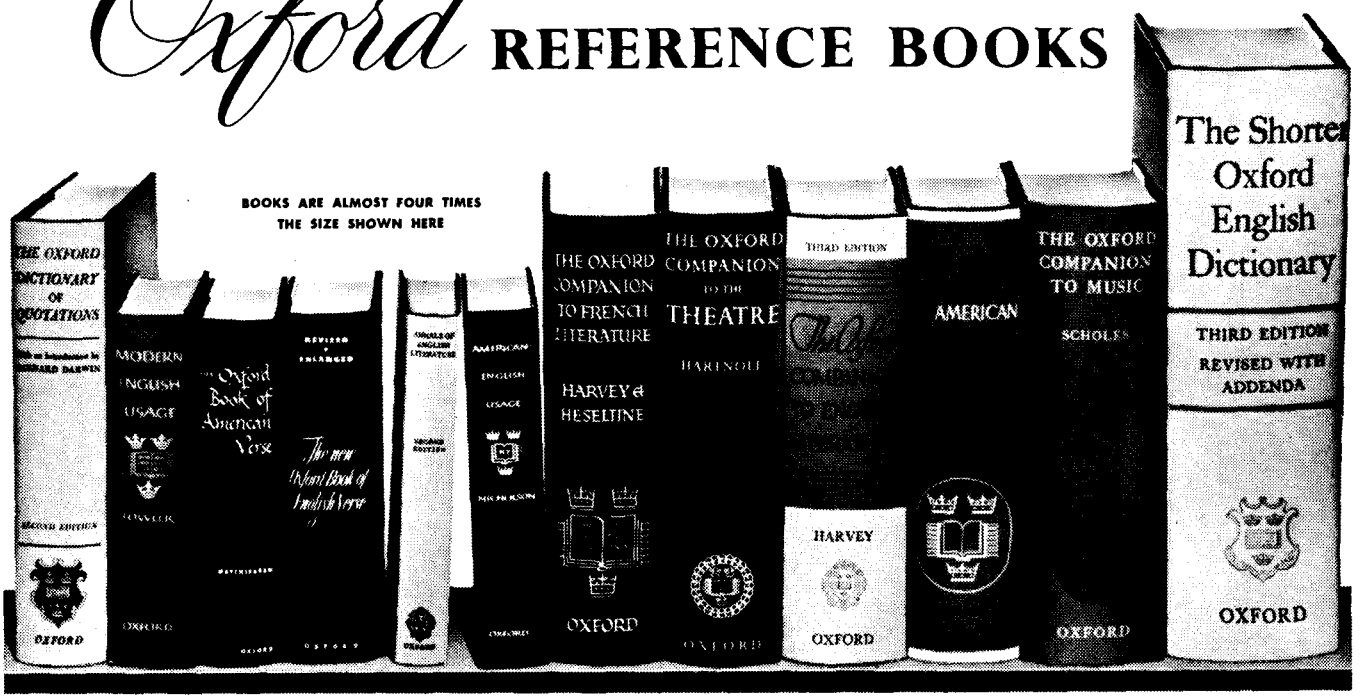

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of insanity. He writes of a survivor, Michael, returning to Szerencsévaros, his former home in Eastern Europe, only to be imprisoned by a new set of authorities, as well as by his fantasies, visions, old loyalties. Michael finally chooses the martyrdom which was denied to the six million.

As an existential parable of faith, *The Town Beyond The Wall* is purposely set outside the conventions of realistic fiction. It is a narrative of the mind, moving backwards and forwards in time, a continuous passage through memory and delirium in which some of the characters are hardly more than convenient mouthpieces for Wiesel's ideals and passions while others – occasioned by remorse, nostalgia, or both – are dramatic figures even when they are also representations of the inhumanity to which the Michael figure was exposed. As in all dreams, the motivations are somewhat mechanistic. Michael has been haunted by a face in a window which glanced out at his deportation and did nothing. Made to withstand a maddening torture so as to protect his friend (and only protector), Michael recalls this "bland face, banal, bored: No passion ruffled it. . . . It was gazing out, reflecting no pity, no pleasure, no shock, not even anger or interest." It is like the face of his inquisitors – neutral and indifferent – yet it has lured him back to Szerencsévaros, and will eventually betray him. Their confrontation is mutually hallucinatory. "You won't humiliate me. . . You won't do it. . . . I will not let myself be humiliated," the man announces, invoking his former neutrality, accusing Michael of cowardice, and finally recalling how it was like a game – "a game which I didn't understand: a game you had all begun playing, you on one side, the Germans and the police on the other. I had nothing to do with it." Because Michael is still contemptuous, the man must finally humiliate himself by turning Michael over to the police.

What do we learn from such an encounter? Why does Wiesel constantly lay bare this one painful experience? In this and in other scenes, his theme would seem to be that human loyalties are the ultimate form of religious commitment. With a visionary lucidity, often in the language of prayer, he manages to make this concern historic. Taken into custody, Michael (who has no last name) recalls Szerencsévaros "like a mantle of purple silk" when the sabbath "came to drape the city at sundown." Michael's onrushing madness is a kind of deliverance from his tormentors. It is even depicted as beatitude: He "had come to the end of his strength. Before him the night was receding, as on a mountain before dawn." To protect his friend, Michael must sacrifice his own sanity. But this, after all, is an extreme situation; Szerencsévaros – the city of luck – is now a graveyard. If *The Town Beyond The Wall* manages to seem God-obsessed, that is clearly not Wiesel's intention. He shows us religious experience in order to dramatize a personal code of honor and behavior. In his captivity, Michael instructs his fellow prisoner not to oppose humanity. "A man is only a man when he is among men," Michael explains. "It's harder to remain human than to leap beyond humanity. Accept that difficulty. Tell yourself that even God admits His weakness before the image He has created."

Coming from one who rode the stifling box cars of Europe to the barracks at Auschwitz, the poignancy of such a plea should be obvious. If, elsewhere in his works, Wiesel has vowed: "Never shall I forget," he now seems to recognize the personal peril of such a position, and that one cannot keep faith with the dead except by acts. When Wiesel through Michael urges "sighs heavy with existence" his speech has an unearthly persuasiveness, a sense of consequence, and a humanism that is not to be fobbed off with programs for human perfectibility, although it may continue to struggle and yearn for just that.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Joseph Epstein *is a free-lance writer who lives in Arkansas.* Leon Lipson *is on the faculty of the Yale Law School.* Richard M. Elman *is engaged in educational broadcasting.* B. H. Haggin's *new book,* Music Observed, *will be published by Oxford in the Fall.*

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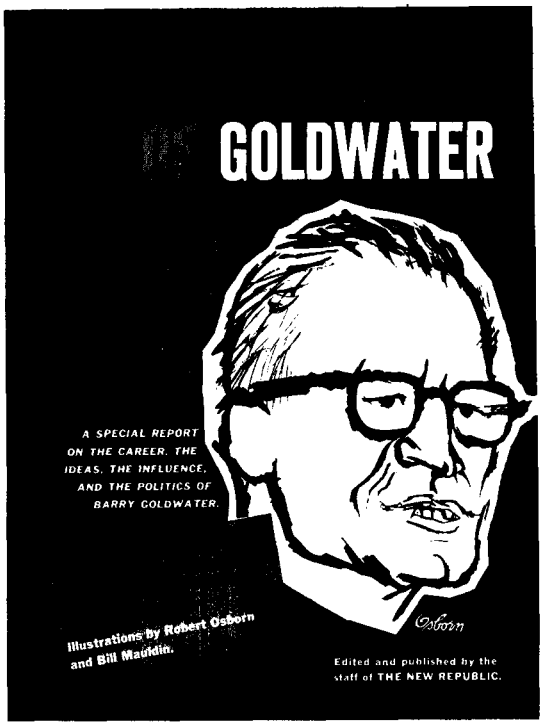
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RECORDS

Lehmann's Schubert

Columbia and RCA Victor have placed music-lovers in their debt – Columbia by re-issuing on ML-5996 (mono only) its 1942 recording of Lotte Lehmann's performances of 19 of the 20 songs of Schubert's *Die schoene Muellerin;* Victor by making it possible for Columbia to complete the cycle with the performance of *Ungeduld* that Lehmann recorded for Victor in 1936. In this 1936 performance the voice still has the distinctive luscious beauty of its prime; in the 1942 performances this is gone, but what is left is still remarkably and distinctively lovely and affecting. Moreover, the necessity of employing an aging voice with care and skill and restraint results not only in an improved quality of high notes that formerly were constricted and shrill, but in a refinement and subtilization of style: expressive effect is no longer achieved directly by bursts of vehemence which throw the voice around without regard for the damage to the musical phrase; it is achieved instead by inflection of the voice in a musical phrase that has continuity and coherence. One must add that by this time Lehmann is short of breath; and her need of taking breath after each couple of measures in *Der Jaeger* breaks the momentum that should be unbroken in this headlong rush. And some fast singing – in *Am Feierabend* and *Mein* – is not entirely accurate. But except for these few flaws the performances are beautiful and affecting examples of the matured art that she exhibited in the early and mid-40's, with the ones of *Die liebe Farbe* and *Des Baches Wiegenlied* standing out especially. *Die boese Farbe* is dubbed from a poor-sounding and noisy 78-rpm record; but in the other songs the voice is reproduced well, albeit with artificial resonance that occasionally is heard echoing around it. *Ungeduld* has the pedestrian piano-playing of Erno Balogh; the others the sensitive playing of Paul Ulanowsky.

Rococo 5216 enables one to hear what an extraordinarily beautiful voice Geraldine Farrar had, but in music of which the best is the Jewel Song from *Faust, "L'altra notte"* from *Mefistofele* and a Gluck piece, and the rest is of much lower quality and less interest.

Handel's fine *Dettingen Te Deum* is performed well – but in German instead of the original English – on Angel 36194 (mono) by the South German Madrigal Choir and vocal and instrumental soloists with the South-West German Chamber Orchestra under the direction of Wolfgang Goennenwein.

Two impressive pieces by Mozart, on Deutsche Grammophon 19-398 and 136-398, are the Adagio and Fugue in C minor, K.546, and the Masonic Funeral Music K.477, a series of musical gestures of solemnity, grief and resignation, with occasional dramatic events provided by startling modulations. These, and the *Te Deum* of Haydn – buoyant and festive except for a poignantly expressive slow interlude – are performed effectively by Fricsay with the Berlin Radio Symphony and, in the Haydn work, the RIAS Chamber Chorus and NDR Chorus. The reverse sides have one of the less interesting of the small-scale masses that Mozart produced in the service of his Salzburg Archbishop – the *Missa brevis* K.259, in a good performance in which Theobald Schrems conducts the Regensburg *Domspatzen* and Cathedral Chorus, vocal soloists and members of the Bavarian Radio Symphony.

Haydn's Quartets Op. 33 No. 2 and Op. 76 No. 2, which have the richly elaborated writing of his maturity, are on London CM-9385 (mono), with the engaging early Quartet Op. 3 No. 5, whose Andante is the well-known Serenade. The excellent Janacek Quartet plays them very well, though not with all the regard for detail that makes the old Schneider Quartet performances even better – the most striking example of the difference being the imaginative distentions of tempo in the Schneider performance of the finale of Op. 76 No. 2 that are not heard in the Janacek.

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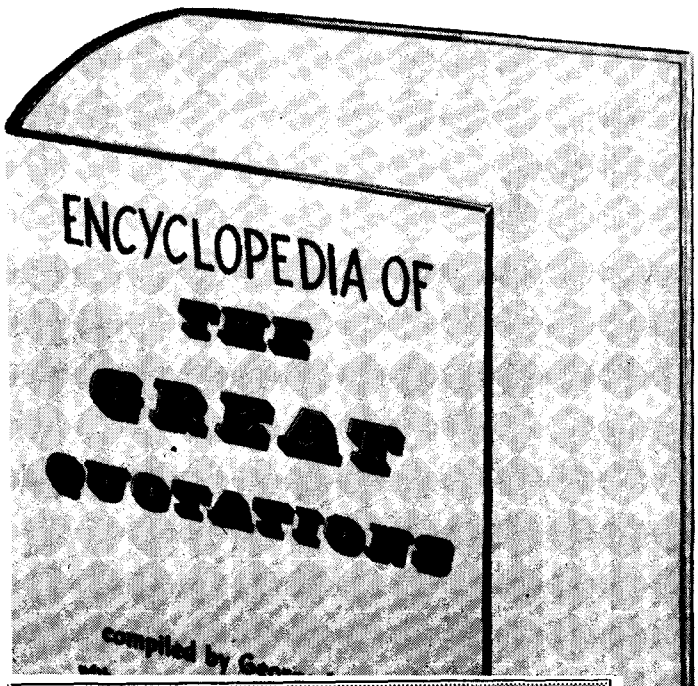

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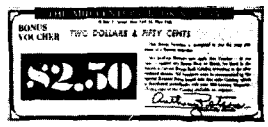

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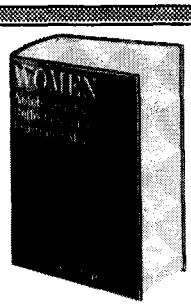

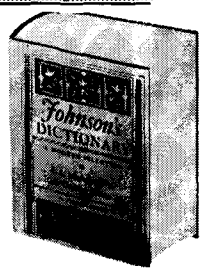

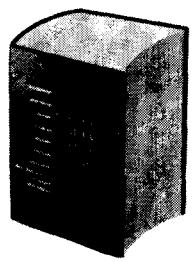
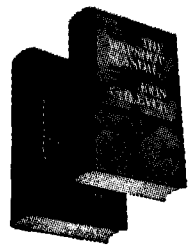
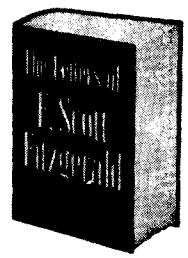

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formances of Scarlatti sonatas by Valenti that Westminster has been reissuing, it now adds what I take to be his recently recorded performances of more of these pieces on XWN-19069/70/71 (mono). The pieces include moderately attractive examples of the genre; the performances exhibit something new and disturbing – Valenti's frequent changes of pace without any discoverable justification by what is happening in the music.

Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No. 5, played on Angel 36193 (mono) by Samson François with the Philharmonia under Witold Rowicki, is a work that I don't recall hearing before, and that turns out not to be interesting. And of the best-known Concerto No. 3 that François plays on the reverse side I prefer Cliburn's performance with its greater sensitiveness, grace and dazzling mastery.

B. H. HAGGIN

Correspondence

Catholic Shmatholic

Sirs:

Michael Novak ("The Catholic Vote Is Confused," August 22) was a competent and fair-minded reporter of events at the Second Vatican Council. His observations on the Catholic vote in the United States deserve neither of these adjectives.

I am not aware of any evidence that Catholics have shown less understanding of the New Deal than adherents of other religions. The term "creeping socialism" was neither originated nor made popular by a Catholic.

It is not true that the statements of Catholic bishops and priests about the racial question "deal mainly in pious generalizations about charity of heart." Novak was in Rome too long. He should beware of Romanitá. I would refer him to the very explicit public positions taken by Archbishop Deardon of Detroit, Archbishop O'Boyle of Washington, D. C. and Bishop Russell of Richmond, Va. on racial segregation in housing. Finally, it would be interesting to learn what evidence Mr. Novak has to support his racist reference to the "special brutality of Irish policemen."

James A. Broderick
Alexandria, Virginia

There is precious little in the way of solid empirical support for Michael Novak's speculations about the confusion of Catholic voters. Even though it may be hard for Mr. Novak and his dynamic young friends to accept the fact, people are racists or conservatives for reasons that have nothing to do with their religion.

Andrew M. Greeley
Senior Study Director
National Opinion Research Center
University of Chicago

Friends of Brandeis

Sirs:

In reviewing A. L. Todd's book on the appointment of Justice Brandeis, I included "by far the greater part" of the Harvard Law faculty among those opposed to confirmation. This was error and Mr. Todd (Correspondence, August 22) naturally caught me at it. I can't explain how I came to say such a thing. Something askew in my present feelings about Harvard, no doubt.

Alexander Bickel

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